Cambria Freeman.

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

LUME X. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1876. NUMBER 23

AKE WAY
—FOR THE—
w Cash Store
RECENTLY OPENED BY
E, BAXTER, JONES
& COMPANY,
lder's Building, Ebensburg, Pa.
AND TO WHICH
rybody is Rushing
IN QUEST OF
ARGAINS
AS ARE OFFERED IN THE FOLLOWING
T of CASH PRICES,
never equalled in this community:
Prints, 6, 7 and 8 cents per yard.
lins from 6 to 12½ cents per yard.
Ginghams at 12½ cents per yard,
Flannels (all wool) at 50 cents.
Cassimeres (all wool) 90c. to $1.12.
y Shirting, 12½ cts. per yard.
Heavy Boots, $3.00.
Flour, $7.50 and $7.75 per barrel.
Rio Coffee, 4 lbs. for $1.00,
Coffee at 22 cents per pound.
Syrups at 80c. to $1 per gallon.
AND EVERYTHING ELSE
PRICES EQUALLY CHEAP.

We manufacture our own Flannels and Cas- which we warrant all wool and positively manufacturers' prices. Goods exchanged FRYCE, BAXTER, JONES & CO.
burg, June 23, 1876.-tf.

ALL-WOOL
ASSIMERES!
FLANNELS,
LANKETS
YARNS, Etc.

takes pleasure in announcing to the public that the WOOLEN MILL recently owned T. M. Jones & Son, and lately bought has been thoroughly refitted throughout by

MACHINERY AND STEAM POWER,

enlarging our buildings. We have spared to fit up our Mill with the best of machinery, and can confidently recommend our Cas- Flannels, Blankets, &c., as being equal and finish to any brought from the East- Our goods are guaranteed

WOOL, and No Shoddy or Cotton

used in any shape. Our prices are

Per Cent. Lower
THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED.

STOM WORK

to us will receive special attention, an suit the times.

your merchant for Ebensburg Cass' and if he has none send to us for sample" or call at our Mill.

TERMS--CASH.
Goods Exchanged for Wool.
ensburg Woolen Co.
sburg, June 9, 1876.-tf.

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BANKERS,
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EY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
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REST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,
AND A GENERAL
NKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Special attention paid to business of cor-
18, 1875.-tf. A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

JOHN D. THOMAS,
oot and Shoe Maker

The undersigned respectfully informs his customers and the public generally he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS of any desired size or quality, from best French calf-skin boots to the coarsest in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the notice, and at as moderate prices as can be obtained anywhere. who have worn Boots and Shoes made establishment need no assurance as to superior quality of my work. Others can be convinced of the fact if they will only a trial. Try and be convinced. Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended and in a workmanlike manner. thanks for past favors I feel confident my work and prices will commend me to a patronage and increase of the same.
JOHN D. THOMAS.

PRIZE AT VIENNA EXPOSITION, 1873.
V. H. ROSENSTEEL,
MANUFACTURER OF SUPERIOR
nion Crop LEATHER,
AND DEALER IN
K, HIDES, AND PLASTERERS' HAIR,
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quantity of Oak and Hemlock Bark wanted. paid on delivery at the Tannery. town, Jan. 7, 1876.-1y.

AMES J. OATMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office and residence in new building on High one door west of Blair House. 25, 1876.-tf.

LEX. TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, (late of Carrolltown,) located at St. Augustine, Cambria county should be made at the Post-office. 14, 1876.-tf.

WM. H. SECHLER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Col- Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, centre street. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SULPHUR SOAP
Is Cleansing, Deodorizing, Disinfecting, Soothing, Healing and Purifying.

It renders the coarsest skin remarkably soft and healthful. It imparts a beautiful smoothness to the skin, and forms an elastic whiteness. It cures burns, scalds, chafing, excoriations, roughness, tan, sunburn, freckles, liver spots, chapped hands, sores, ulcers, dandruff, blisters on the hands and feet, itch, ground itch, itching between the toes, itching of the body, piles, corns. Also relieves the itching and irritation of biting and stinging insects. As it is especially adapted to the TOILET, NURSERY, and BATH-ROOM, you can take a *Sulphur Bath* at pleasure. For bathing Children, it is unequalled. Ladies who use it in their Toilet would never do without it. It neutralizes the odor of perspiration, and, as an external remedy, can scarcely be used amiss. Full directions accompany each package. TRY IT.

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By mail 35 Cts. By mail 75 Cts.
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Dr. Van Dyke's Office,
No. 1321 Green St., Philadelphia.
Sold by all Druggists.
USE NO OTHER.

SPECIAL ATTENTION
LANE BROTHERS.
WHOLESALE
HARDWARE
POCKET KNIVES
Knives, Forks & Spoons,
SCISSORS, AXES, SHOVELS,
LOCKS, HINGES, NAILS,
FILES, &c.
CARPENTERS', BLACKSMITHS' & AGRICULTURAL TOOLS
113 LIBERTY ST PITTSBURGH
GIVEN TO COUNTRY TRADE

CARD.—HARRY JACOBS would respectfully inform his many friends in Cambria county and elsewhere that the undersigned firm, of which he is a member, has opened a NEW ESTABLISHMENT at No. 319 Market Street, Philadelphia for the sale of the very best grades of WINES and LIQUORS, for domestic use, and will at all times keep an assortment (of the very best brands only) which will compare favorably with any ever offered to the trade. All persons visiting the city are cordially invited to inspect our stock.
ACOBS & CO.,
319 Market Street, Philadelphia

P. S.—We will also keep on hand a fine stock choice brands of Cigars. [6-16.-tf.]

Boyd & Gamble,
ARCHITECTS
And Superintendents
Germania Bank Building,
Corner Wood and Diamond Sts.,
[2-3.] PITTSBURGH, PA. [1y.]

FINE PIGS FOR SALE.—I have for sale a choice lot of young POLAND CHINA PIGS, the best Hog that is raised for profit; fattens at any age and will weigh 250 to 300 lbs. from 9 months to a year old. For further particulars address me at Sinking Valley, Blair Co., Pa. REUBEN FOX.
Aug. 18, 1876. 3m.*

E. H. PLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining residence and immediately in the rear of Hon. R. J. Lloyd's drug store. Night calls can be made at the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street, Ebensburg. [4-24.-tf.]

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Pretty and pale and tired
  She sits in her stiff-back chair,
While the blazing summer sun
  Shines on her soft brown hair,
And the tiny brook without,
  That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmur cool
  Hard bench and dusty floor.

But Jemmy's bare brown feet
  Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
  Shall leap with a quick, bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
  To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
  With a half-unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
  As she smells their faint sweet scent;
But when have time and heart
  Their measure in unison blent?
For time will haste or lag,
  Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind
  Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem,
  The stream and the fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
  Down the winding road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
  Stands some one with fresher flowers;
So turn to your books again,
  And keep love for the after hours.

A DOUBLE DANGER.

A story or two from an old hunter will not prove uninteresting, I know, consequently I will copy a few pages from my diary in relation to my adventures in Africa, where I spent considerable time, nearly a score of years ago, hunting the wild and ferocious monsters of the forest and jungles.

With no more preface, then, my good friends, I will at once proceed with my narrative.

I had been out on a hunt several months, and had had a number of thrilling adventures—far more exciting than really pleasant.

This season I was accompanied by a friend named Morris Belly, and, as usual, several sooty faced natives. The latter were not much to be depended on, however, in a moment of trouble or danger. In fact, they were rather cowardly, and almost always ready to run, if the chance for flight was any ways good, On several occasions they had left Kelly and me to face the music, wholly alone and unaided.

Well, early one morning, before we had made a start, and while the natives were preparing breakfast, Kelly declared his intention of going out a little way to look around. No sooner said than done, and out he went, leaving me to smoke my pipe and enjoy my leisure,

"You stay here," said he to me, "and see that the breakfast is properly prepared by the time I get back, which won't be long, I assure you, for I'm mighty hungry myself. I'll just take a squint around here, and see if there's any game stirring; though there's never much lack of that, I take it, in this section of the world."

"Well, hurry back," I replied. "Breakfast is almost ready now, and we'll make an early start, Besides, I won't venture far away alone."

Kelly said he should run no risk, and would be back in good season. In fact, he added, he should not go out of the sound of my voice. With these words my companion started off, and in a few minutes disappeared from my sight.

Fifteen minutes afterwards I was startled by the crack of a rifle, not very for off, either. Leaping to my feet, I excitedly cried out—

"There! Kelly's into it already, somehow."

Bidding the natives follow me, I seized my rifle and darted off in the direction of the sound. The darkies obeyed my hurried behest, but managed to lay a good ways behind, as usual. Quietly—for I enjoyed silence—we hurried along,

At length we began to mount the side of a huge hill that lay before us. Up, up, up, cautiously crawling along on our hands and knees, for there the crack of a rifle was almost always warning of danger and the hunter made his calculations accordingly.

At length I reached the top, where I found a level plateau of several acres. The spot was almost barren, and the tropical sun poured down with a scorching power. However, I could see but one thing, then, with any distinctness, and the sight of that fairly curdled the blood in my veins.

In the centre of the plateau appeared the form of a lion, and the mighty monster was ripping and rending the body of poor Kelly into a hundred pieces.

I think the animal came suddenly upon my companion, who fired his weapon but missed his aim, and before he could reload—hiding place there was none, not even the trunk of a tree—the terrible animal bore him down. Such things often happened, and to the best of hunters, as may well be supposed.

On the edge of the plateau I suddenly halted riveted to the spot by what I saw. Before I fully recovered my senses, my natives reached my side, and just as they arrived at the top of the hill, and took in a realizing sense of what was before them, the lion raised his head and uttered a roar that seemed to shake the very air. Quick as lightning they took to their heels, and tore down the hill, leaving me alone to do the best I could.

All this—the appearance of the natives at the brow of the hill, the roar of the lion, and the flight of the blackeys—occurred almost simultaneously; and the next moment, quick as a flash, the roaring monster sprang away from the gory carcass of poor Kelly, and darted at me, with a single bound clearing half the distance, and the moment he struck the ground, fiercely bounding forward again. As the lion left the ground a second time, I sank down below the brow of the hill, dropped upon my knees, pointed my rifle upward, and fired away at the monster while he was flying through the air almost directly over me. The ball struck him, but not fatally, and the next moment the animal landed a few feet beyond me on the side of a hill. Alighting in such a place, the fierce brute could find no footing. After a few struggles to retain his balance, he toppled over, and rolled down the hill, uttering roar upon roar.

At the same moment I sprang up on the level ground above, and rapidly began to reload my rifle, accomplishing the task in an extraordinary short space of time.

Meanwhile the lion had reached the bottom of the hill, which was pretty steep, I assure you, and regained his feet. For a moment only he stood, looked around, as if a little bewildered, and then he spied me, and darted up the hill toward the spot I occupied.

The monster was bleeding in several places; both Kelly and myself had evidently wounded him, and he appeared to be maddened with the pain of his injuries. Such a roaring as he made mortal ears seldom hear. It was a critical moment for me, but, thank God! my nerves were firm, and my eyes undazzled. To the fullest I realized the peril of my situation, but I was too old a hunter to be easily dashed.

Well, the mighty monster glided steadily toward me, and when about half way up the hill, I raised my rifle and took a steady aim at his shaggy head. I thought I had him sure, but, you know, "man proposes and God disposes."

One moment I stopped to make myself doubly sure. All ready I laid my finger upon the trigger, but just then a sudden sound styyed my purpose. It was the cry of a leopard that struck upon my ear, and the sound came from right behind me, bursting upon me like a clap of thunder.

I dropped the muzzle of my rifle, and rapidly looked behind me.

Not twenty feet behind me, crouched down for a deadly spring—down so close that it lay almost flat upon the ground—with his fiery, burning, glaring eyes fixed steadily upon me, was a huge leopard,

There I was, between a lion and a leopard, and I ask you now, could any mortal man be placed in a more desperate and perilous situation.

"Heaven help me now!" I muttered.

Not a minute elapsed after I turned to look back before the ferocious leopard vaulted from the ground and went whizzing through the air. The moment for action restored to me a measure of my fore thought, and I jumped backward several paces, at the same time stooping down under the flying monster.

The leopard landed on the very spot where I had been standing—what would have been my fate if I had not moved back, you may guess—and just as his feet touched the ground, the lion's head appeared above the top of the hill, and almost instantly afterward, the lion himself.

A roar from one, and a screech from the other, followed, and mingled together. Between the two I seemed to escape observation, and I tell you, I was mighty thankful for it, and I looked on with bated breath.

Instantaneously the monsters bounded at each other, taking the fight wholly out of my hands. Standing, as they did, upon the very edge of the declivity, their charge upon each other overturned their balance, and they rolled over and over down the hill, ripping and tearing, and screaming, and roaring like very devils.

I ran to the edge, and, looking over, watched them. That was my time to escape, you will say, but I was fascinated by the sight of two such dreadful monsters engaged in battle array, and I almost forgot my own imminent danger.

At the bottom of the hill the battle was renewed with three-fold fury, and for a long time the *denouement* seemed uncertain. I could have shot either, but that would have left me exposed to the attack of the survivor. Besides, I really wanted to see the monsters fight it out, and felt pretty sure they would demolish one another in the long run.

Lying flat on my stomach, with my head just over the brow of the hill, I watched the sanguinary struggle below. With eager interest I noticed every phase of the unusual conflict.

At length the leopard stretched himself upon the ground, and uttered a loud and wailing cry. Standing over the twitching and kicking body, the conquering lion proudly threw his head aloft and uttered a roar of triumph.

At that moment his eyes fell upon me and the gory, unsated animal again darted up the hill. Once more I leveled my rifle, and this time nothing occurred to mar my purpose. I fired and struck the brute between the eyes. Weak and wounded as he was, that was almost to much for him. With a cry of pain he tottered and nearly fell backward down to the bottom. By a mighty effort recovering himself, however he clung to the side of the hill and struggled fiercely to maintain his footing. I felt no pity for the monster, however—could not be expected to feel any.

A large stone, just as much as I could lift, happening to be lying loose at my feet, I picked it up, and with all my force cast it at my enemy. The heavy stone struck they dying beast in the head, finishing his career. With a last roar he rolled over and over down the hill.

Shortly after I was rejoined by my native guides, but it was quite a while before I could induce them to approach the plateau. Finally, I somewhatovercame their alarm; and that accomplished, I had a grave dug for poor Kelly, in which he was laid to his eternal repose.

A SAD CASE OF "S'POSIN'."

BRIGGS MAKES INQUIRIES AS TO THE LAW IN THE MATTER.

While Judge Copley was sitting in his office the other day looking over some law papers, the door opened and a man hobbled in upon crutches. Proceeding to a chair, and making a cushion of some newspapers, he sat down very gingerly, placed a bandaged leg upon another chair, and said:

"Judge, my name is Briggs. I called in, judge, to get your opinion about a little point of law. Mr. Judge, s'posin' you lived up the 'pike here a half a mile, next door to a man named Johnson. And s'posin' you and Johnson were to get into an argument about the human intellect, and you was to say to Johnson that a splendid illustration of the superiority of the human intellect was to be found in the power of the human eye to restrain the ferocity of a wild animal. And s'posin' Johnson was to remark that that was all bosh, because nobody could hold a wild animal with the human eye; and you should declare that you could hold the savagest beast that was ever born if you could once fix your gaze on him.

"Well, then, s'posin' Johnson was to say he'd bet a hundred dollars he could bring a tame animal that you couldn't hold with your eye, and you was to take him up on it, and Johnson was to ask you to come down to his place to settle the bet. You'd go, we'll say, and Johnson'd wander round to the back of the house, and pretty soon come front again with a dog bigger'n any four decent dogs ought to be. And then s'posin' Johnson'd let go of that dog and sick him on you, and he'd come at you like a sixteen inch shell out of a bowitzer, and you'd get skeery about it, and try to hold the dog with your eye and couldn't. And s'posin' you'd suddenly conclude that may be your kind of an eye wasn't calculated to hold that kind of a dog, and you'd conclude to break for a plum tree, in order to have a chance to collect your thoughts, and to try to reflect what sort of an eye would be best calculated to mollify that sort of a dog. You ketch my idea, of course?

"Very well, then, s'posin' you'd take your eye off of that dog; Johnson, mind you, all the time sicking him on and laughing, and you'd turn and leg it for a tree, and begin to swarm up as fast as you could. Well, sir, s'posin' just as you got three feet from the ground, Johnson's dog would grab you by the leg and hold on like a vise, shaking you until you nearly lost your hold. And s'posin' Johnson was to stand there and holler, "Fix your eye on him, Briggs! Why don't you manifest the power of the human intellect?' and so on—gassing away with ironical remarks like those; and s'posin' he kept that dog on that leg until he made you swear to pay the bet, and then, at last, had to pry the dog off with a hot poker, bringing away at the same time a half a pound of your meat in the dog's mouth, so that you had to be carried home on a stretcher, and to hire four doctors to keep you from dying with lockjaw.

"S'posin' this, what I want to know is, couldn't you sue Johnson for damages, and make him pay heavily for what that dog did? That's what I want to get at."

The judge thought for a minute and then said:

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I don't think I could. If I agreed to let Johnson set the dog at me, I should be a party to the transaction and I could not recover."

"Do you mean to say that the law wont make that infernal scoundral, Johnson, suffer for letting his dog eat me up?"

"I think not, If you state the case properly."

"It won't, hey?" exclaimed Mr. Briggs hysterically. "Oh, very well! very well! It's a beautiful government, this is! Beautiful, aint it? I s'pose if that dog had chewed me all up, and spit me out it 'd 've been all the same to this constitutional republic. But blame me if I don't have satisfaction. I'll kill Johnson, poison his dog, and emigrate to some country where the rights of citizens are protected. If I dont, you may bu'st me open!"

Then Mr. Briggs got on his crutches and hobbled out. He is still a citizen and will vote at the next election.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

◆

A WEIRD THOUGHT.—You have seen a man in the crowded assembly, say Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, a grave, earnest-looking man, with the stamp of genius and the lines of lofty aspiration and noble impulse on his face, suddenly spring from his seat with the pallor of a heart pain lightning his face with its ghastly glare, while he hastens from the curious glances that are bent upon him, into the pitying shadow of the silent night. And a bitter, cynical smile curves your lips when you hear your wife pity him, for you know, from sad, heart-breaking experience, that a man who fastens the after-end of his suspender with a pin has no business to lean back on his chair.

◆

PREVENTIVE OF HYDROPHOBIA IN DOGS.—Boil three tablespoonfuls of salt and an ounce of carbolic powder in a pint of water, squeeze in a lemon, and then let a piece of meat simmer in the mixture to give it an attractive taste. Take out the meat and put the liquor in a cool place. Then, while the remedy is cooling, lead the dog out behind the barn and shoot him between the eyes with a Remington rifle. One pint of the liquor will be found enough for one hundred dogs.

SCHURZ SHOWN UP.

DIGNIFIED BUT SCATHING LETTER TO THE EX SENATOR.

[The following letter from ex Lieutenant Governor Mueller, who was elected by the Republicans of Ohio the same year that Governor Allen was elected Governor, is translated from the *Watcher am Erie*, of August 24th.]

To Mr. Carl Schurz: The announcement that you are going to make your *debut* as a reformed reformer in our beautiful Forest City has been a surprise to me and no less to many of your former admirers. I think I understand why the republican leaders wish to see the lever for reconverting the liberal German first applied in our city; but what I do not understand is that you should so readily offer your assistance! You must have known, since 1872, that the reform ideas whose seed you helped to sow took strong root with us here, and that these roots cannot be pulled out without some trouble. I do not think that you are given to the illusion of being able to re republicanize the German reform elements of this locality, even with the rhetorical mastership that is your own. But as the persons who have called you here believe, or at least pretend to believe, that such a dexterous performance can be accomplished, and inasmuch as the liberal Germans are thus exposed to the humiliating suspicion of requiring only an intimation from yourself to be converted (this explains why you make your first campaign speech in German), it is right and proper to protest. Far too long already, far too long for the honor of the German element as well as the honor of all of us, has the false idea been worked and speculated upon that the German vote can be effectively influenced and controlled by some one great or small politician. It is high time to do away with such notions.

But in case that your speaking in German is accidental, and that the inference drawn from it be therefore void, I still must avail myself of your presence in order to set forth something to me all-important. Having been a member of the New York conference, to which you invited me, I feel called and justified in doing so.

Disgusted with corruption in the reigning party, without confidence in the other party, I beheld in a conference of independent patriotic men a ray of hope for reform. The spirit that prevailed in the conference surpassed my expectations; the result of its deliberations were satisfactory to me. Although many members were inclined to cross the Rubicon immediately and to use the conference as a starting point for a third party, the opinion of the more prudent members predominated, viz: to remain as yet in a position of waiting; to issue an earnest address to the people, and to found a third party *only in case* that this address should be unheeded by the several conventions which were to be held in the immediate future.

The address to the purpose, edited by yourself, left no doubt which class of Presidential candidates was meant to be worthy of support. The first sections manifestly depicted the class represented by Messrs. Morton, Blaine and Conkling, while the other sections were directed against such candidates of expedience as Hayes and Hartranft. There was not the least doubt of this in the conference.

Nor can the author of the address be in doubt of it. Since this seems to be the case, however, I intend to assist his memory and remind him that when he read the address before me and my friend on the day preceding the conference, and made us acquainted with its intent, *he himself* after each section had been gone through with, called the names of the candidates that were meant though not named; and that after reading to us the following:

"We shall support no candidate who, however, favorably judged by his nearest friends, is not publicly known to possess those qualities of mind and character which the stern task of genuine reform requires, for the American people cannot now afford to risk the future of the republic in experiments on mere supposed virtue or rumored ability to be trusted on the strength of private recommendations," he turned to us and remarked plainly, and as if it were a self evident matter:

"THIS DISPOSES OF MR. HAYES."

If we compare this passage, which pronounces the verdict upon Mr. Hayes, with the parole likewise issued by Mr. Schurz, viz: that this election did not turn on political articles of faith as much as on the *personalities* of the candidates; not on platforms but on the *men* that stood on them—then we discover the *irrefutable fact* that not only Mr. Schurz but the entire conference, all of whom enthusiastically approved of the address and the above passage counted Mr. Hayes as among those who should *absolutely not be supported.* And, not yet contented with this, the conference, by their sweeping approval of Mr. Adams' speech, fixed its programme as follows: Bristow or Tilden; and in case that neither is nominated, *reconvening of the conference.*

The position taken by the conference fully corresponded with my own conviction. It was a great satisfaction to me to know that so patriotic a body of men as were assembled there should agree in the points above mentioned. I took the cause to be an earnest one; I have remained true to it, and shall remain true to it despite of all deserters.

How is it with Mr. Schurz—the instigator and leader of the conference; the chairman of the executive committee, appointed at his own motion, and which was charged with carrying out the views and resolutions of the assembly? How is it with the man that, as long ago as 1861, declared war to the republican party, and who, to accomplish the ruin of his party, in 1872 allied himself with the democrats? Is he, who for the past five years has been using his captivating eloquence, his great talent and the strong power of his popularity for the overthrow of the republican party—is he in his to day's speech going to support that same party? Is he going to show the Germans that the republican party is better in 1876 than it was in 1872, and that Mr. Hayes has become a different man since the May conference? Will Mr. Schurz on the same speaker's stand on which four years ago he advocated the alliance with the democratic party to-day represent this alliance to his German fellow-citizens as dangerous?

Mr. Schurz ought to feel that he can not succeed in the attempt to harmonize his position of to day with both that of 1872 and that taken in the New York conference! and that no amount of sophistry is sufficient to fill the gap which exists between Schurz the reformer and Schurz the republican stump orator!

If the danger of Tilden administration were as great as Mr. Schurz now pretends to fear, a review of his agitative activity during the past five years would certainly overwhelm him with a sense of great responsibility, for no one more than he has successfully discredited the republican party in the eyes of the people; no more than he has contributed to the thinning of its ranks!

What ever Mr. Schurz may maintain in order to reconcile the contradictions between his previous position and that of to-day, he will not be able to overcome the logic of the following propositions:

1. If his activity in behalf of reform since 1871, which culminated in the New York conference, has been earnestly believed and justified, his present position is unpardonable, untenable and inconsistent.

2. If that conference purposed more than to be a mere comedy, Mr. Schurz cannot possibly favor the election of Mr. Hayes. And in case that Mr. Schurz did not feel able to abide by his duty to support Mr. Tilden, the *only thing left for him to do was to reconvene the conference.*

3. If Mr. Schurz in his sovereignty believed that he could set himself above this due regard and obligation towards the members of the conference there was left for him the only alternative to maintain a passive or neutral, or at least a reserved attitude, even if merely for the purpose of quieting in his fellow citizens and former reform companions the suspicion that his position in this campaign is based on personal grounds rather than patriotic motives.

I have been induced to write this open letter, as stated before, by Mr. Schurz's coming here for a purpose which is particularly provoking to me as one who responded to his invitation to the New York conference. This provocation prompts me to vindicate my own position as well as that of all my German co-operators, whom their former leader, Schurz, now asks to renounce the same convictions and principles for which they have fought for years and not unfrequently made the greatest sacrifices. Although the readiness with which Mr. Schurz takes the stump in this city and to such a purpose is repugnant to me and to the German sentiment—a feeling which politicians may not look upon as being justified—yet I will not by any means weaken the effects that the republicans expect from Mr. Schurz's speech, for I am too ardent a friend of political discussion.

J. MUELLER.

◆

SANCTIMONIOUS HUMOR.—He wasn't a ferocious looking man and evidently only came to remonstrate in a kindly manner. Something he had written did not exactly meet his views (what it was he never delayed to tell in detail), and he thought he ought to drop in and talk it up. There were three present besides the editor, and a big Newfoundland belonging to one of the reporters lying under the table. The minute he opened the door the dog had him by the lapel of the coat and yanked him into the room with a startling vehemence. It unnerved him a little—it would any man—and after he had coughed up his tobacco quid, he said; "I don't s'pose it makes much difference, but you got in t'other day that my gal Phœbe wore her mother's hair at a Crow Hollow surprise." Just then the local stopped, pulled out a drawer in the bottom of his desk, and took hold of a black walnut file, on which our previous issues were suspended.

"Don't!" he screamed; "don't draw no gun on me! I ain't mad; and I'd not stopped it, only for the old woman. Just lemme get out, and we'll call it square;" and he made a break for the door, overturned a chair, and made such a racket that the dog went for him again. He flew along the passage with the dog clinging to his coat tail, and just at the landing while his head was turned to beat the animal off he fell over a box of type that the expressman had left standing there, and the next, he knew he had caromed on every step of those two flights of stairs clean out on the sidewalk. As he picked himself up he looked as though he had been shot out of a balloon and walked on by a St. Patrick's day procession. He not only has not stopped his paper, but has sent a quarter in advance through—the mail.

◆

HOW HAYES WAS CAPTURED.—The Atlanta *Times* tells how James H. Price, of the Sixth Georgia Regiment, captured Governor Hayes, present Republican candidate for President, at Petersburg: In charging the breastworks Price saw a splendid Federal flag. This he tore down. Hayes was standing near it. Price ordered him to surrender. Hayes asked, "Are you an officer?" Price replied with an oath, pointing his pistol (which he carried through the war) at him: "It don't make a bit of difference: you surrender, or I'll kill you." Hayes' answer was "I surrender." Price then unbuckled Hayes's sword, cut off the straps, thinking the leather might be useful, and threw the sword away. Carrying the captured flag he marched Hayes off to headquarters. The flag had a silver plate on the staff. Price does not recollect the inscription, only that it was presented from Portland, Me. He cut off the plate, and on his return from the war had it made into finger rings, which he presented to the Lookout Mountain lasses.

◆

CHARLES C. CHAPMAN, a young mechanic of Tariffville, Conn., recently walked one-fourth of a mile forward, one-fourth of a mile backward, then ran one-fourth of a mile, then hopped seventy-five yards on one foot, then, with fifteen eggs placed two feet apart in a row, picked them separately in his mouth without touching his knees to the ground, and deposited each in a basket two feet from the starting point; and lastly, with fifteen lemons placed in the same relatve position as the eggs, picked them up separately by hand, going back to the starting point with each, one, and accomplished the whole in twelve minutes.

◆

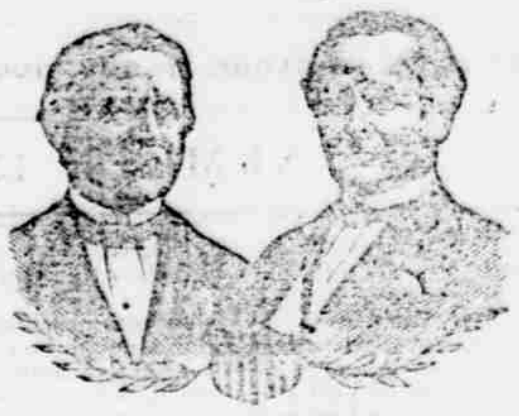
DURING an examination of a class of youngsters the teacher asked, "What is a monarchy?" and was immediately answered by a bright little boy, "A country governed by a king." "Who would rule if the king should die?" "The queen." "And if the queen should die, then who would be ruler?" "The knave," was the reply.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
Friday Morning, September 8, 1876.

Democratic National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:
SAMUEL J. TILDEN, of New York



FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
THOS. A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana.

Democratic County Ticket.

STATE SENATOR:
F. A. SHOEMAKER, Esq., Ebensburg.
(Subject to District Conference.)
ASSEMBLY:
JOHN DOWNEY, Johnstown.
JAMES J. THOMAS, Carroll Twp.
SHERIFF:
JOHN RYAN, Cambria Borough.
ASSOCIATE JUDGES:
JOHN FLANAGAN, Stony Creek Twp.
JOHN D. THOMAS, Ebensburg.
POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
ISAAC N. WISSINGER, Blacklick Twp.
JURY COMMISSIONER:
JOSEPH CRAMER, Allegheny Twp.

WHILE our article of last week met with very general approval so far as Grant's unhappy postmaster at Johnstown is concerned, our only error in his regard being the fact that he was *elected* and not *appointed*, as stated by us, to the District Court clerkship, some very respectable Republican friends think that we cast a reflection upon the memory of Hon. Samuel Henry, deceased. Far be it from us to do anything of that kind. Mr. Henry was one of our warmest personal friends, and now that he is dead, God forbid that we should say aught against him. His tragic death awakened the best impulses of every heart, and no man of honor would now desire to becloud his memory, much less impugn his motives while living. It was not Samuel Henry who caused the ruinous collapse of Lloyd & Co.'s bank in this place, but the *ring* that surrounded him. If Mr. Henry was imposed upon and his confidence abused, as we have no hesitation in saying was unfortunately the case, let the authors of that great wrong answer for the evils that followed in its wake. He was surrounded by a *ring* whose political influence ruined him and the bank he represented, and in that fearful ruin the laborer, the widow and the orphan became equal sufferers. No, Samuel Henry, liberal, clever and kind hearted, as all will admit, was, like Laacoon in the fable, crushed to death by the serpents that coiled themselves about him.

Nor do we wish to be understood as having charged upon Mr. Henry the expenditure of the $171,000, or $57,000 per year, which the books of the defunct bank aforesaid seem to indicate were used to secure his election for three terms to the Legislature. The *ring*, and not Mr. Henry, is responsible for this wholesale robbery of the widow, the orphan and the laboring man, and the members of that unprincipalled cabal will find when the great day of reckoning comes that the man they deceived and drove to desperation will stand before the throne of God much more justified in the eye of omnipotent mercy than they who imposed upon his generosity, preyed upon his bounty, and allured him to his ruin.

As Thomas Davis, the present Republican candidate for Sheriff, is a member of that *ring*, which it is truth to say owns and controls Geo. T. Swank, who is *their* creature and—Grant's postmaster—and as Mr. Davis was chairman of the Republican county committee when Samuel Henry was elected, it is not venturing too far to presume that he could if he would account for a great deal of the people's money squandered for that purpose, and tell the world how and where and for what object it was expended. Our columns are open for any explanation he may see fit to make. He knows, because he is in it, that there are influences at work here in this *ring* whose contact is political, moral and financial death to all who touch it, and when he finds, as he will find when the verdict of the people of this county is recorded against him at the ballot-box, that the power of this infamous political combination has departed forever, he can console himself with the thought that his defeat was well earned and the natural sequence of such support as is now being accorded him by his fellow ringsters and their recognized mouthpiece, the Johnstown *Tribune*.

MR. JOHN RYAN, the well known merchant of Johnstown, Pa., has the nomination for sheriff of Cambria county on the democratic ticket. He is a popular man of extensive acquaintance and held in high esteem, insuring him a large vote outside of party lines.

The above, which we clip from Monday's issue of the Harrisburg *Patriot*, is true to the letter, save and except the assertion that Mr. Ryan is *the* well known merchant of Johnstown, which, by the way, the reader would be led to infer from the above item has only one; nor is he a merchant of Johnstown at all, his home and place of business being in Cambria borough, nearly two miles below Johnstown, where for many years he has been engaged in mercantile pursuits, and where he has earned a reputation for honesty and integrity which has never been and never can be successfully.

HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR, acting on the advice of his physician, has positively declined the nomination for Governor tendered to him by the New York Democracy. The convention will be called together again and another candidate chosen.

THE fact that not a few of our people are interested in the question of the right of way for the proposed pipe line from the oil country to the seaboard induced us last week to make editorial mention of the objections urged against this great enterprise by parties interested in its defeat, and by whom it seemed to us some very cogent reasons, apart from their own personal interests, were given for the stand taken by them. Having no prejudice in the matter, however, and being perfectly willing that both sides should be heard, we deem it simple justice to say that the friends of this monster movement represent that the oil business of the State has been controlled for some time by a ring, which includes many prominent railroad officials—a charge which derives support from the fact that a Vice President of one of the leading rail road lines was lately summoned before a committee of Congress to answer in reference to certain alleged discriminations in favor of this very ring, and the witness refused to testify. It will be difficult, say the friends of the measure, to satisfy the public that if there was no crookedness there would have been any motive for concealment.

The oil producers, oppressed by the exactions, as they declare, of the ring, seek an outlet to tide-water, and have undertaken to lay a line of pipe, with the necessary stations and machinery. This movement is earnestly resisted by what the producers claim to be a monopoly, who have hired agents to go along the proposed route to falsify and misrepresent the Company and obstruct settlements for right of way. They have published articles, it is said, in papers controlled by the combination and republished them in others, paying therefor large sums as advertisements to manufacture an adverse public sentiment. The pipe line, its advocates tell us, can do no harm to the farmers. Where it crosses fields it will be buried out of reach of the plow, and contracts, they declare, will be given to land owners to dig the trenches and haul and distribute the pipes, as well as supply stations with fuel and provisions for employees. More than this, the projectors of the enterprise promise that the pipe line will harm no one. It will not be destructive to fields or highways, will not burn buildings or kill stock, and as it is unquestionably to be constructed in the interest of cheap transportation and against what are conceived to be rings, monopolies and speculators, it looks from that standpoint to be worthy of encouragement and deserving of the fewest possible obstacles in the way of its construction.

Having said this much in its favor, and with no more reserve than we presented the other side of the question in our issue of last week, we drop the subject so far as our editorial columns are concerned, still leaving, however, to the friends and opponents of the movement the opportunity to discuss the matter in a proper spirit through the medium of our advertising department, for which the usual rates will be charged.

THE interview of President Grant with a *Herald* reporter at Long Branch on September 1st, discloses a state of facts worthy of the most dispassionate consideration of all voters. General Grant definitely declares himself President, not of the United States, but of the Republican party, and particularly of his own branch of that party, as exemplified in his own set, of which Robeson and Babcock are the exemplers. The Sioux war he treats as of little moment as compared with the Indiana election. It seems to us that President Grant's oath of office does concern the Indian war, and has very little to do with the election in either Indiana, West Virginia, or the Carolinas, until some case is presented to him by the proper authorities requiring his definite official action, under the constitution and laws. If General Grant prefers to be President of a party, or of a faction of a party, from now to March 4th, 1878, rather that Chief Executive of all the United States, he must not be surprised if his acts are criticized and his motives investigated. In this view, why should President Grant be so anxious for the election of his successor, chosen by the convention of his party, not only as against a Democrat, but as against any Republican like Blaine, or Bristow, not of his own particular stripe and not of the particular set who either shared the intimacy of the White House or were to be depended on for absolute adherence to the views prevailing there? Is there anything to be covered up which it is not merely unsafe to trust to Tilden, but even to Blaine or Bristow? If so, who has deceived the President so greatly as to lead him to put himself forward at once as the denouncer of the Cattells and the defender of Robeson, who fostered the Cattells, made for them their opportunities of plunder, and profited by their swindles to the extent of owing to them his residence, built by them, and still unpaid for by him, which stands within two miles of the Presidential cottage where the interview occurred? General Grant's language as to Bristow and Wilson is particularly noticeable. He accuses the late Secretary of the Treasury of direct falsehood, and nothing could be more pointed than his sneer at Solicitor Wilson. Into the merits of Republican family quarrels it is not our business to enter, but it is proper to notice that whatever the deserts of Bristow and Wilson, whom Grant denounces, these two men were the only ones under his last administration, who succeeded in exposing fraud and sending defrauders to jail. We trust Mr. Bristow will appreciate General Grant's opinion of his services in the intervals of the Vermont campaign. The people will understand the whole subject clearly enough before election.

A VERY quiet election for State officers was held in Arkansas on Monday last, and although Boutwell claimed the State for the Republicans, it elected the Democratic ticket by about fifty thousand majority. In Vermont, on the following day, the Republicans carried everything before them, the Democrats gained nearly fifty per cent. on their votes, as compared with the Presidential election of 1872.

TILDEN, HENDRICKS AND REFORM!

CAMBRIA TRUE TO THE GOOD OLD FAITH.

A Tremendous Outpouring of the Democracy--Great Enthusiasm and Able Speeches.

The meeting held in the Court House on Monday evening last, in pursuance of the call of the Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, was in every respect a most gratifying success. Notwithstanding the heavy rain which commenced falling at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, delegations from various parts of the county came pouring into town long before the hour appointed for the opening of the meeting, and ere the shades of evening had enveloped the earth our streets were filled with honest and intelligent voters—farmers, mechanics and laborers—from many of the outlying districts, who had left their homes, miles distant, to come to the meeting to hear discussed the great and important issues of the day, and the remedy proposed by the Democratic party for the terrible hard times which now parlyzes the industries of the country and affects all classes of our people.

At 7 o'clock in the evening the Ebensburg Silver Cornet Band appeared upon our streets and played a number of fine tunes, in the meantime proceeding to the Blair House, where they halted and filled the air with sweet strains of patriotic music. While the immense multitude of people stood around listening to the music and anxiously waiting for the meeting, a large delegation from Loretto, headed by the excellent martial band from that place, came marching up Main street and joined the cornet band, and ere long both bands, followed by a large and well conducted procession, wended their way to the Court House, into which the immense crowd pushed its way, filling the large room so completely that it was impossible to gain an entrance, nearly if not quite one-half of those desiring to listen to the speeches being obliged to remain outside.

Mr. L. D. Woodruff, Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, called the meeting promptly to order at 8 o'clock, and in a very neat little speech not only sounded the keynote of the campaign but congratulated the Democracy of the county on the evidence presented by the large number in attendance that they were still determined to fight on and fight ever for the great and good cause which had brought them together. At the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Woodruff read the names of the following gentlemen who had been selected to preside at the meeting, and on motion the report was adopted without a dissenting voice. Here is the list:

President—R. L. Johnston, Esq., of Ebensburg. Vice Presidents—Francis Bearer Esq., Carrolltown; Jacob Z. Nagle, Clearfield township; D. A. Luther, Carroll township; Wm. Litzinger, Loretto; Christian Walters, White township; W. W. Harris, Jackson township; John Widmann, Conemaugh borough; John Kintz, Cambria borough; Wm. Strouse, Johnstown. Secretaries—A. J. Christy, Loretto; Jacob Zimmerman, Esq., Johnstown; Henry Mellon, Chest Springs.

On assuming the duties of the chair, Mr. Johnston took occasion to thank the vast assemblage for the honor that had been conferred upon him, and then gave rein to his thoughts in one of those witty and masterly efforts, too brief indeed, for which he is so proverbial, remarking among other things, as an excuse for his brevity, that he did not feel in the best of condition physically, and although he might have strength enough to address a common sort of a meeting, such as our Republican friends would be able to get together, he felt entirely unequal to the task of holding forth to so large a crowd as confronted him on this occasion.

Mr. Johnston concluded his short but well received speech by calling on the other officers of the meeting to come forward and take the places assigned them. This done, a motion was made and unanimously adopted that Aug. S. Landis, Esq., of Hollidaysburg, whom we are proud to say was a schoolmate and companion of our own in childhood days, be invited to come forward and address the meeting. Loud cries of "Landis! Landis!" followed in quick succession, and in response to these repeated calls that gentleman stepped to the secretaries' desk, and in a clear, ringing, earnest voice, accompanied by becoming gestures, held the immense audience spellbound, as it were, for a half hour or more by his matchless eloquence. He expressed himself as pleased to meet so many of the citizens of Cambria county, and referred to the efforts he and others then present had made in the Presidential campaign of four years ago, which resulted, despite their efforts, in the election of Grant for a second term. People had regretted this since the general prostration of business had fallen as a pall upon the country. Ten years ago war ceased and peace was declared. How long, he asked, were our brethern in the Southern States subject to the rule of the bayonet? No one can picture the sufferings of there people, because they had not a fair and free election. Just as fast as these States were permitted to have free elections they ranged themselves on the side of Democracy, and the only two States in which lawlessness now exists are South Carolina and Louisiana, and in those two Republican authority is supreme.

Mr. Landis then criticized the action of the Secretary of War in withdrawing troops to send into the South to control the elections in those States. If the people did not endorse such a course, if they wished to put an end to such disgraceful doings, they must vote for Tilden.

The issue now is Reform. This is the platform of the Democratic party. He thought sixteen years long enough to try any party or any policy that did not give us a good government and honest officials. It is time for the people to say that this corrupt party shall be hurled from power, and a new leader, whose very name is synonymous with Reform, should be chosen to succeed the present incompetent and imbecile occupant of the White House.—The speaker then referred to the public affairs of New York, and claimed that Tilden had effected immense reforms in that State. He claimed, what all know to be true, that Mr. Tilden had caused Boss Tweed and all the other rascals of New York to flee, and a purer and better era to dawn. Such was the man the Democratic party had offered as their candidate for President. The Republicans had no other reply to make to our arguments in favor of Tilden than to flaunt in our faces the "bloody shirt." Mr. Landis then proceeded at some length to criticise the action of the Republican party, its candidates and platform, in an able and eloquent manner, and concluded with the hope that a better and brighter day would soon dawn for the American people.

At the conclusion of Mr. Landis' masterly effort, Mr. Woodruff moved that Mr. N. Horne, of Johnstown, be invited to address the meeting. The motion was unanimously agreed to, and Mr. Horne took the floor and made the most spirited address of the evening. He said he had no idea of being called upon to speak, but nevertheless he would endeavor to make a few remarks. In the first place, the contest in which we are engaged, when we get down to the real merits of the case, is one on which both Democrats and Republicans are a unit.—We are all agreed that there is extravagance in the expenditures of the national administration, and a cry for reform goes up all over the land. Republicans and Democrats say so in their platforms, and Reform is therefore the watchword of the day. Mr. H. then discussed in an able manner the way in which reform was to be brought about. What do we want? We want reform in the expenditures of the national government; we want the expenses reduced. The country cannot bear these large taxes in order that the office-holders of the Radical party may bag thousands of dollars more than they are entitled to. Where are we to look for the realization of our hopes in this regard?—The speaker referred to the great reduction made in the expenses of the government by the present Democratic House of Representatives and argued that duty and sound policy alike dictated that the people should vote for and elect Tilden and Hendricks to the office of President and Vice President of the United States.

When Mr. Horne had taken his seat, F. P. Tierney, Esq., of Altoona, was called upon and delivered a speech full of excellent points and many witty allusions. He was followed by John S. Rhey, Esq., whom nobody need be told knows how to interest and instruct an audience on almost any subject. His speech was indeed a happy effort, and his allusion to the historical fact that none of our Presidents, all of whom he named and referred to in detail, ever sported whiskers except the present shameless and unworthy occupant of the White House, produced a great deal of merriment at the expense of us fellows with the heavy beards.

This ended the speech making, although several other parties were loudly called for, and at about the hour of 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned with three rousing cheers for Tilden, Hendricks and Reform.

Truth Ahead of Fiction.

FIRST CLASS MATERIAL FOR A SENSATIONAL NOVEL.

Mr. Charles Reade, who is too honorable to steal plots, and too sensitive to newspaper criticism to renew his early practice of purchasing them, has let the world into the secret of his scrap-book system. The files of out-of-the-way American newspapers would give him many hints like this story which comes from Honesdale, Penn. Thirty years ago John Seitz, a German clerk in a New York store, was engaged to a young girl named Katherine Rief. The California gold fever broke out, and he joined a party of adventurers. The first letter that he received from home bore the tidings that his sweet heart was soon to become the mother of his child. He pledged himself to return as soon as possible and marry her. She went to Honesdale to live with her brother, and to wait for her lover's return. Two or three letters came, and then there was silence for years. A young blacksmith named Wendt professed great love for her, and after putting him off for four or five years, she accepted him, fully convinced that her gold hunter was dead. She took her child to New York and lived with her husband. He was a brute. He abused her, and threw her into consumption. Meanwhile Seitz, instead of writing letters or dying, had made an enormous fortune, and returned to Honesdale after his sweetheart and child. The news of her marriage stunned him. He went to New York and found her dying in a tenement, with no one near her but her baby—his child. Seitz buried her in Greenwood, and a week afterward Wendt, overcome with remorse, shot himself over her grave. The child was left in Honesdale with her brother's family, and his father returned to San Francisco, where he married, built a fine house, with an elegant apartment known as "Johnny's room," and provided liberally for the boy in his will. "Johnny" was a frail lad, with his mother's consumptive tendencies. He never occupied that palatial room; he died a week ago Tuesday, as rich as a prince. But he did not know of his good fortune, for the father died in San Francisco barely an hour before the son's death. The boy's inheritance goes to his aunt.

FRENZIED FANATICS.—*Horrible Doings of the Cobbites.*—A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* writes from Kensett, Ark., as follows:

At Gam Spring, one and a half miles south of Searcy, a lot of religious fanatics known as Cobbites have been acting very strangely. C. D. Humphreys, of Searcy, and Mr. Blake, of El Paso, went out to investigate.

The former was seized, cut to pieces and decapitated, his head being impaled on a fence picket. Blake escaped and brought the horrible news to Searcy. A posse started out, and found the fanatics gesticulating frantically around Humphreys' head. They started to attack the posse.

Black, the leader, ordered his men to fire, and two Cobbites were killed. Four men, four women and three children were arrested, taken to Searcy and subsequently released, as they were crazy from the combined effects of religion and starvation. Their leader is a man named Cobb, who they think is Christ. His doctrine is adultery, claiming that by that means only can the souls of women be saved. One Dover acted the principal part in the murder of Humphreys.

GOVERNOR HAYES who a few years ago inherited an immense fortune, has made oath for three years past that his property amounts to less than $6,000. This fact is not advanced as any argument against Governor Hayes as a Presidential candidate, but as the Radical leaders base their whole argument against Governor Tilden on the ground that he only returned something over $7,000 *income* fourteen years ago, it may be well for them to explain why Governor Hayes swears that his *whole fortune* in 1876 was less than $6,000, when it is known that he received $100,000 by inheritance only four years ago a fact shown by the records of the Probate Court. Has Governor Hayes habitually committed perjury in making his return to the ward assessors in Fremont?—*Pittsburgh Post.*

LATER advices from White county, Ark., say a coroner's inquest has been held on the body of Humphreys, who was killed by religious fanatics, and the jury returned a verdict that L. B. and J. M. Dover, Thomas Gainley, and John and Elizabeth Nelson are guilty as principals of the murder of Humphreys, and John and Lee Dover and Clementine Dover guilty as accessories. It appears that Cobb came from Michigan, where he taught his atrocious doctrines until driven out. He first settled in Southeast Missouri, where he made new converts, and, it is said, offered up infants as sacrifices. He was driven away from there, and with his fanatical followers went to White county, Ark., and induced a few more ignorant people to join them.

—A New York lad, of seventeen, gave a remarkable exhibition of coolness and nerve the other day. He was a passenger on a train on the Harlem railroad, and when it stopped got out to stretch his legs on the up track. While so engaged he was run down by a freight train and so penned in that his foot was caught under the wheels. To move either way would have thrown his whole body under the train, and the brave lad, with rare courage and presence of mind, stood stock still until the whole train had passed and his foot had been crushed to a shapeless mass.

News and Other Notings.

—There are 41 Roman Catholic churches in Brooklyn, against 6 in 1850, and 18 in 1860.

—A young lady of Pittston is a student of law, and will soon apply for admission to the bar.

—Dr. Hostetter, of Pittsburgh, it is said, has made $1,000,000 recently by the increase in the price of oil.

—James Whitlock of Kickapoo, Kansas, has an apple bearing pear tree, which last year bore nothing but pears.

—A New London lady has taught her large Newfoundland dog to hold up her train when she is crossing muddy or dusty streets.

—Pennsylvania is to have her own particular Centennial day on the 28th of this month, the anniversary of the signing of her first State Constitution.

—Mrs. Lovina Messer and her daughter were struck by a locomotive while crossing the Lehigh Valley track at Allentown, and both were killed instantly.

—Mt. Upton, Chenango county, N. Y., has a first class scandal case, and the papers say the result is the woman folks can't even get time to wash their dishes.

—Ald. Blodgett, of Marysville, Cal., has a one and a one quarter acre lot on which he had raised this season 900 bushels of choice potatoes, weighing 45,000 pounds.

—Sister Mary Lange, the first superioress of the colored Oblate Sisters of Providence, in Baltimore, still retains that position, though over 90 years of age. She is a native of Cuba.

—Governor Tilden and Mr. Wheeler are Presbyterians; Governor Hayes attends the Methodist Church with his wife, who is a member thereof; and Governor Hendricks is an Episcopalian.

—Gen. Banks made a speech for Hayes and Wheeler at his home, Waltham, Mass., last week. Every mention which he made of Tilden's name was greeted by the audience with a burst of applause.

—Armed bands of negroes, incited, they say, by whites, have been scouring Louisiana for two weeks past, firing buildings and assassinating whites without apparent cause. Four murders were committed on Saturday.

—Some thieves stole one hundred thousand dollars worth of tickets from the Pennsylvania railroad office, at Princeton, New Jersey, but the company at once cancelled the tickets, and afterward secured the arrest of the thieves.

—Joseph S. Lare, one of the proprietors of the Pittsburgh *Post*, we regret to learn, has been taken to Kirkbride hospital, Philadelphia, for treatment. For some months he has had softening of the brain and lately has been quite demented.

—In a battle around Alexinatz Tuesday the Turks were signally successful, destroying several outstanding villages and driving back the Servians, but they did not succeed in capturing Alexinatz or Krugevatz or intercepting the road towards Belgrade.

—On Wednesday night last at Bulkley, Illinois, while a wedding was being celebrated between George Sleeper and a lady named Haminton, Sleeper was called to the door by Burt Fleming and shot dead. Fleming had been a rival for the lady's hand.

—The largest lantern ever made will soon be erected at Galley head, on the coast of Cork. It will consume 1,600 feet of gas per hour, and the flashing light will be visible through the fogs. The power of the light will be equal to 2,000,000 candles.

—Since the revival of the oil business, Superintendent Cordier reports that the Allegheny county workhouse barrel factory is making a profit of from $230 to $250 per diem. He also states that he could give work to at least forty more men if he had them.

—John Chiddy lost his life in rolling a stone out of the way of an English railroad train, thus averting a great disaster. Praise of the deed was general; yet an appeal for money to save his family from want resulted in raising only about £4, the railroad company giving nothing.

—A passenger train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad ran into the wrecks of two coal trains, near Weverton, Maryland, on Sunday, throwing three cars and the engine into a canal. The engineer was drowned and several passengers severely injured. The mails were saved.

—O'Brien's and Forepaugh's circuses pitched tents at Marysville, Ohio, on the same day, and the rivalry was exciting. Prices of admission were reduced to five and ten cents, and, in the street parades, a man stood on the top of each animal cage, shouting the merits of the show to which he was attached.

—Soldiers who lost arms or legs in the army and received $24 per month pension have not heretofore been entitled to commutation for loss of limbs. Congress at its last session amended the law so as to give the class referred to limbs or commutation therefor. Applicants should apply to the Surgeon General of the army.

—A destructive fire broke out in St. Hyacinthe, Canada, on Sunday afternoon, in the bakery kept by M. Chaput, near the post office, and spread rapidly till it reached the river, near the Grand Trunk Railway bridge. In about two hours the entire business part of the town was destroyed. Six hundred houses were burned.

—A woman in Council Bluffs, Iowa, has sold out her husband for a brindle cow, calf and $20 to boot. A former wife, from whom he had been twice divorced, coaxed him to return to his allegiance and the second wife, actuated by a spirit of accomodation agricultural enterprise, consented to a separation for the consideration named.

—The Cincinnati *Commercial's* Lewisburg (Ohio) special says Press Palmer, City Marshal, was shot and instantly killed on Thursday night by N. A. Wireman. The latter's wife confessed to her husband that day that she had been having criminal intercourse with Palmer, and Wireman shot him at sight. The murderer is now in jail.

—Advices from Decatur, Texas, say Rev. W. G. England, a Methodist minister, his wife, a step daughter and four sons were murdered at their homes, six miles from Montague, last Saturday night, by a party of disguised men. No particulars of the fiendish affair are received, but it is supposed the butchery was committed for money, as the family is rich.

—A fire occurred at Mansfield, Allegheny county, at 1 o'clock Monday morning, destroyed fifteen houses on the Main street. Among them are the American Hotel, Barnaud's bank, J. Walch's butcher shop, Heil's saddler shop, A. A. Adams' drug store, and A. McNeil's dry goods store. The loss is variously estimated at from $50,000 to $75,000. Insurance not known.

—A water nymph, by name Ida Steele, of Bloomington, Ill., has challenged her sex generally for a ten-mile swim down the Mississippi River. A Miss Pauline has accepted the challenge, and so has a third young lady; and the match, it is stated, will certainly come off at an early day. It is predicted that "there will not be steam boats enough to contain the crowds that will flock to see the sport."

—Pomeroy, the boy murderer in Boston, whose sentence has been at last commuted to imprisonment for life, will be placed in the State Prison in a cell by himself, and therein compelled to labor for his own support. The new prison now building will have several of these cells, and to one of them, when finished, Pomeroy will be taken, and there spend the remainder of his life. He has made several ingenious attempts to escape.

METHODS POINTS

METHODS OF BUSINESS POINTS OF ADVANTAGE

IN THE PURCHASE OF

CLOTHING

—AT—

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S OAK HALL,

To which we invite the Interested Attention and Careful Scrutiny of

—THE PURCHASING PUBLIC—

METHODS:	POINTS:
WE have but One Price for All	ONE Price [illegible]
WE receive Cash Payment from All	CASH saves [illegible] losses [illegible]
WE give a Guarantee protecting All	THE Guarantee [illegible] buy [illegible]
WE Return Money when we cannot suit All	WE rely on [illegible] age of profit
WE buy our goods at first hands, in immense quantities, and at the lowest prices for Cash	IT is easy to [illegible] alike, [illegible] are denied [illegible]
WE manufacture with extreme care every garment we sell	D[illegible] out having [illegible]
WE inspect every yard of goods that goes into our garments	OUR [illegible] in lowering prices
WE put a ticket on every garment, showing plainly its quality and price	WE fill [illegible] for particulars
WE cut off every item of unnecessary expenditure	NOT a [illegible] as a man
WE employ first-class workmen in every department	
WE give satisfaction to every purchaser or return the money	

In addition to our Immense Stock of Ready-Made Clothing, we [illegible] of Men's and Boy's Furnishing Goods, Shirts (of our own make) [illegible] Very Lowest Prices.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. COR. SIXTH & MARKET STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

—Three children were drowned in the St. Lawrence on Sunday during the great fire at St. Hyacinthe. The sufferers from the fire—six hundred families—are being supplied with provisions from Montreal.

—Dr. J. S. Williams was arrested at Louisville, Ky., charged with having committed murder in producing an abortion upon Miss Lou Bowman. It is alleged the evidence is very strong against Williams, who had been suspected previously but never detected. It is now thought that dozens of cases can be made out against him. He was remanded to prison and bail refused.

—A man, one-eighth negro, married a white girl at Newport, having convinced her that he was a Spaniard. Upon learning of the deception, she wished to be freed. A Rhode Island law declares the marriage of a white person to a "negro or indian" void, and upon that ground a lawyer is trying to have this bond of wedlock broken. The husband, however, answers that he is not a mulatto, but an octoroon.

—The steamer Thomas Baker, lying at the Trenton wharf boat, Monroe, La., exploded a boiler on Friday. Eight persons were killed or wounded. Two colored deck hands were killed. The barkeeper, Joe Sintas, is expected to die. Capt. E. S. Austin, pilot, received two serious flesh wounds, but probably not fatal. The boat was worth $8,000. She is a total loss. The cabin and hull were blown to pieces and the wreck sunk.

—In the Cumberland county court, Thursday, William, Joseph and Charles Windowmaker, were convicted on committing the outrage on Mr. and Mrs. Abrams, near Newville, burning their feet and inflicting other tortures for the purpose of extorting from the aged couple information as to the whereabouts of a large amount of money supposed to be in their house. Charles was also convicted on two additional charges of larceny.

—Wm. L. Hirst, Esq., of Philadelphia, died at the Cramer cottages, Bedford Springs, Thursday night. Mr. Hirst was taking his annual vacation at the Springs with his family. He was taken sick some three weeks previous, and gradually sank into his last slumber. Mr. Hirst was well known throughout the country as a lawyer of great ability, and was respected wherever known for his manly character and excellent social qualities. He was a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

—On Horace Hall's farm, in Royal Oak, Mich., while Messrs. Smith and Pomeroy were putting down a well, they struck a sort of soft stone about twelve inches thick, and after they had drilled through it an explosion occurred like the report of a cannon, throwing the tools fully thirty feet into the air. It then began throwing out stones, sand, &c. Some large stones were thrown out, one of which weighed twelve pounds. It then began to spout forth white sand and smoke, which lasted for about nine hours.

—The Omaha *Bee* says: "Lieutenant Kyle, of the twenty-third infantry, has arrived in this city, having with him a young Apache Indian, six years old, who has an interesting history. He was captured in Arizona about two years ago. All his family were killed, and the soldiers picked him up naked and carried him with them. Lieutenant Kyle, who was in command, prevented his being killed by the scouts, and is now taking him east to have him educated at his own expense. He is bright, talks English fluently and is neatly dressed in army blue, sailor style.

—Two or three weeks ago poison was administered, in food, to Jacob Stauffer and family, who reside in Cumberland county, between Shepherdstown and Mechanicsburg. Fortunately, the intended victims took an overdose of the poison, and they escaped death. On Tuesday last another attempt was made to murder Mr. S. and his family. Poison (supposed to be arsenic) was put in fish, in a cupboard, and this was subsequently cooked and eaten by Mr. and Mrs. Stauffer and their five children, all of whom have been and are still suffering intensely. As in the first instance, too much poison was taken to produce death, and the would-be murderer's object was not accomplished.

—A fearful story is reported from Lloyd's. Last January the Liverpool ship San Rafael, from Birkenhead to Valparaiso, with coals, was totally destroyed by fire off Cape Horn. Eleven of the crew were picked up a fortnight later, after having suffered fearful privations, from two of the vessel's boats, and landed in London in April by the ship Yorkshire, from Melbourne. The long-boat, containing Capt. McAdams, his wife, the carpenter, four seamen, and three boys, which left the vessel along with the other boats, parted company, and it now appears that the persons above named all landed on New Year's Island, near Cape Horn, and, as the Island is barren and uninhabited, they have evidently starved slowly to death, as a vessel recently arrived at Stanley, Falkland Isles, reports having discovered the bodies of eight men and one woman on the island, and these are supposed to be the missing boat's crew of the San Rafael.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,
FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 8, 1876.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

"MURDER IN THE SECOND DEGREE."

Trial of Pat'k Leonard and Wm. Young for the Murder of Patrick O'Brien, at Gallitzin, on the 20th May, 1876.

Full Report of the Principal Testimony and the Verdict of the Jury.

MARTIN LEONARD DISCHARGED FROM CUSTODY.

Patrick Leonard and William Young, two of the three parties charged with the murder of Patrick O'Brien, at Gallitzin, on the night of the 20th of May last, were put upon trial in the Court here at half past 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon of the present week. Messrs. Rose and Johnston appeared for the Commonwealth, while Patrick Leonard was defended by Messrs. Shoemaker, Blair, and Landis and Messrs. Linton and Barker were appointed by the Court to see to the defense of Wm. Young, who had no counsel employed. Soon after the case was called the prisoners were arraigned by the Clerk of the Court. They are both of medium size, Leonard looking well and preserving a cool demeanor, while Young appeared pale and haggard, his brows contracted and his eyes exhibiting an apparent uneasiness. Both plead, when arraigned, *not guilty*, and a jury was empannelled to try the issue. Fifteen jurors and eight talesmen were challenged before a full jury was selected.

An incident which occurred during the selection of the jury showed that the able counsel who represent the defense were prepared to contest every step of the Commonwealth's case and preserve for the defendants every technical right that could possibly be of benefit to them. A jury in a previous case coming in just as the panel was exhausted, the defendants' counsel urged that a verdict might be received and their names put back into the ballot-box to be drawn for the jury in this case. The Court overruled the motion on the ground that such a proceeding would be irregular and in violation of the law regulating the empanelling of a jury. The learned counsel excepted to this ruling, and the Court directed the Sheriff to call talesmen from the bystanders. In two hours and three quarters, the jury, consisting of Messrs. Wm. Hoffman, Samuel [illegible], Christian Walters, Thomas W. [illegible], A. D. Fricker, L. F. Bingaman, [illegible] McGough, Joel D. Gates and John [illegible] (the last three being talesmen,) was empaneled, and Mr. Rose opened for the Commonwealth, after which the Court adjourned until 7 o'clock, p. m.

JACOB SNYDER, *sworn*.—On the evening of the 20th May last I was at Gallitzin, this county. I saw Patrick O'Brien between 11 and 11.30 p. m., walking back and forth on the railroad track; he was tending the switch. I found him lying on the north track between the two rails; when I got to him he was trying to get up—was on his hands and knees crawling off the track; I thought if the Fast Line had struck him—it was my impression that the Fast Line had struck him—and he told me that somebody had struck him with a stone. He was breathing very badly and his head wasn't cut, and he had a big cut over his eye; I don't mind whether it was the right or left eye. As soon as I saw him clear of the track I called assistance and went up to the operator, Mr. Jones, and reported to him and Mr. Jones came down with me. I then went down to the car inspector and got him up and what was done afterwards I don't know. I took charge of the switches in his place, because we had to cross over and get to Altoona as quickly as possible. There is a watch-box there, and O'Brien was not more than I suppose about six feet from it. That evening I assisted the freight up the hill from Altoona to Gallitzin with my engine. Our engine was standing on the Y, right in front of that big stone house—Mr. Ehrenfeldt's—and some fifty or sixty yards off. As soon as the second fast line passed I was anxious to pass over; I commenced to ring the bell and couldn't get a signal from the switch tender, and without the signal we wouldn't pass over. I rang the bell for about a minute or two and couldn't get the signal and my engineer said, "You had better go up and see what is wrong with O'Brien," whereupon I lit my torch and went up and seen him lying there. It was his business to give us the signal—we could not pass over without his signal; he has three switches to turn, that is his special business. Only about three to five minutes before I seen him, or somebody, standing there with the light right at the switch.

Cross-examined.—My occupation is fireman. During that week I was on the night turn. The way I came to see Patrick walking on the track was, I left my engine and went up in the telegraph office—we had to wait there for about an hour—and just as I was passing there he was standing about the place where they catch the mailbag off the Fast Line on the fly; I passed about four feet from him; my engine was fifty or sixty yards off. The telegraph office was in the station, about forty yards from my engine. I recognized O'Brien as I passed him and saw him several times as I looked out of the window; he was walking up and down, between the two rails of the north track. It was about 11.40 when I discovered him crawling off the north track. It might have been 11 o'clock when I went into the telegraph office. Two passenger trains passed during the interval on the south track; they were going east. I saw somebody there at the watch-box with a light after they had passed; he was standing there waiting for the signal from the operator to leave us cross over. No train passed after that; we were the first to go after the fast line east had passed. There was no engine passed after that. He was at the switch because the switch was turned already for us to go out of the Y. It was not more than two or three minutes after I saw the person there with the light that I went up and found him crawling off the track—between two and three minutes, as close as I can guess. He should have responded to my bell by raising his lantern up and down. The light was there, but we got no signal, and when I went up I found nobody there but O'Brien. The lamp was lying maybe a foot or two away from him, it wasn't lit any more; it was out. I didn't say that when I started up to see no signal was given by the lamp, for the light was there. I said when I last saw O'Brien he or somebody was there and the light was lit at the switch. When I rang the bell the light was not there. I saw the light there before I went up a couple of minutes. I don't mind to the half minute whether the light was there after or before I rang the bell. At the time I got out of the telegraph office the light was there; when I got on the engine, and about the time the second fast line passed, I saw the light there and then it takes one or two minutes to get the signal from the operator for us to cross over. I did not touch O'Brien—he got off the track himself.

Re-examined.—When I came up to him and saw him crawling off the track, I said, "Did the fast line struck you, Pat?" He said, "No, no; somebody knocked me down with a stone." That's all he said. He never mentioned his name or opened his mouth after that.

S. W. JONES, *sworn*.—I was operator in the telegraph office. Patrick O'Brien came into the telegraph office about 8 o'clock in the evening, and that was the last I saw of him until after he was hurt, to know him. After Mr. Snyder came up and told me I went down and found him trying to crawl off the track. I took hold of his arm, lifted him up and set him down on the switch.—The whole of his face was covered with blood, as were also his clothes. There were other parties came there and took hold of him and I let him go. I met Mr. Maulls and told him to take charge of him.

Cross-examined.—The way I knew there was something wrong, after these passenger trains passed I looked down to see if he was letting the engine over, and I heard the engine bell ringing, and I looked down and saw no light, and I halloed to the parties on the engine that they had better go down and see where he was. I saw the fireman light his torch then and go down. I saw O'Brien's light several times between the first passenger and the second. I think the first passed at 11.22, going east and the second about 11.40 or 11.35, going east also. I last saw his light between the two trains down by the watch-box. After the 11.40 train had passed I saw no more light. I hadn't saw it from the time—I guess for 5 or 10 minutes before the second train passed; then I saw it no more. His duty at the switch required him to go out on the track where Snyder said he saw him.

JAMES MAULLS, *sworn*.—I found O'Brien on a bench that runs lengthwise of the watch-box, and took him over to my house—carried and dragged him over and laid him on the lounge in my sitting-room, where he remained until some time next morning, when he was taken away. I sent for Dr. Miller immediately. O'Brien was conscious when I first took hold of him. I went over to the house with him right away after the train passed that was going down. I held him there on the boards; he wanted to get away from there; he said they would kill him; he was halloeing with pain. I don't know whether he knew what he was about. He asked me where I was going to take him; I told him to my house; he wanted me to go for Gillson.

DR. C. C. MILLER, *sworn*.—I was called to see Patrick O'Brien on the night of the 20th of May last and found him in the hotel of Mr. Maulls, in Gallitzin, lying on the lounge in the sitting room, bleeding profusely from the right ear. There was a wound on the frontal bone, above the right eye—a gash cut to the bone, and an injury on the temporal bone. The wound on the temporal bone was about the right ear; it was more of a bruise than a cut. I attended him from that time until he died; did not see him within a few hours of his death, but he died on Friday evening about 10 o'clock, at his own home. He had been removed there from Mauls' on Sunday morning.

DR. JOHN FAY, *sworn*.—I received a dispatch on Monday morning, the 22d, from Mr. Ehrenfelt, the Division Supervisor, to come and see O'Brien. I went up on the Pacific and found him at his own house with a wound above the right eye, sewn up by Dr. Miller, and a pretty extensive contused wound over the temporal bone. He was perfectly rational when I went there; his pulse was normal, and he told me that they came pretty near fixing him—they might as well have killed him. I went to place my finger over the wound, to see if there was any fracture, but he would not allow me to touch him; he was pretty fussy and I did not get my hand over the contusion, and so couldn't tell if there was any fracture of the bone. There was still some blood oozing from the ear. The next day (Tuesday) I did not hear from him and did not visit him. On Wednesday I received another dispatch to come up and went. I found him quite comfortable, in fact there was no change. He seemed to be doing remarkably well and I came home again, thinking that his chances were pretty good for getting well. On the same evening about 8 o'clock, I received a dispatch from Dr. Miller saying that O'Brien was wild with delirium. I went up on the Fast Line and found him quite delirious. I visited him again on Wednesday and found his condition still more unfavorable; he was perfectly delirious. I could rouse him so as to get him to give me an intelligent answer, but it was with a good deal of difficulty that I could get him to put out his tongue and to swallow. I think I saw him again on Friday morning; am not certain about that, but at any rate at that time all hope was abandoned of his getting well. On Saturday I received a telegram from Mr. Rose stating that an inquest was to be held and that he wanted me to make a post mortem. I went up on Saturday morning and found that the coroner had not come; and with Dr. Miller we went up to the house and with several other gentlemen present I removed the top of the scalp and found a fracture of the squamose portion of the temporal bone; the bone was broken into some four or five pieces. There was a large clot lying on the base of the brain—about two table spoonfuls of clotted blood. His death was the result of that injury. I did not make any very particular examination after I found the bone driven in and the clot there, because I was perfectly satisfied that that was the cause of his death. I have no doubt but that the injury was produced by a stone or some blunt instrument. His death undoubtedly resulted from that blow, but death does not always follow from a bone being driven in upon the brain.

Cross-examined.—I have seen men struck by the bumper of a passing train and having the skull crushed. It was possible for him to have been injured as he was from a passing train. I have known persons to recover after a comminuted fracture of the skull. I have seen a case where the bone was driven in upon the brain, so that you could see the pulsation of the brain, and the patient recovered without any serious symptoms. Sometimes, where there is a concussion of the brain from an injury of that kind, persons are trephined, which consists in laying back the scalp and with an instrument like a cylindrical saw cutting out a portion of the bone, sawing in to the membranes and taking it entirely off the brain. By this means the pressure is taken off the brain, whether it be a portion of the bone or a clot of coagulated blood, and where the operation is successful the patient is relieved. There was no trephining in this case. There was inflammation about the brain finally, but not when I first saw him. I believe there was some disposition to drowsiness, but very little. I found no unusual indications of drowsiness, from which I would be justifiable in inferring that there was no pressure upon the brain. This condition was altered, so far as my observation was concerned, on Wednesday night, four days after the injury. I do not know how he had been treated in the interval. Stimulants would not have been a proper remedy for a man in his situation—they are very apt to excite inflammation, which is to be avoided. Anodynes should also be avoided, as they produce drowsiness and some congestion of the brain. I think it very doubtful if he could have recovered with that injury—a wound in the squamous portion of the temporal bone. This is the thinest portion of the skull—not much thicker than an eggshell. I am not prepared to say whether trephining would have relieved him; I do not believe any physician living would have attempted to trephine him until coma would set in. Coma is brought about by pressure on the brain; the man goes into a stupor and begins to snore—breathing stentorously and becoming very insensible.—There was none of that in this case. I suppose his death was the result of a combination of coma and inflamation, but he died before the inflamation had produced any pus or disorganization of the tissues. I did not see sufficient hemorrhage to produce death from exhaustion. The physician who attended him regularly could tell better what kind of treatment the patient should receive.

DR. C. C. MILLER, *recalled*.—I assisted Dr. Fay at the post mortem. [The witness here produced seven pieces of squamulose bone taken out by him and exhibited them to the jury.] It is my opinion that O'Brien's death was caused by the wound on the temporal bone.

Cross-examined.—I treated the patient in company with Dr. Fay. I put him under an alterative treatment for a while, to keep down inflammation of the brain. This treatment would be a proper one if there was a tendency to compression of the brain by a clot. It depends upon circumstance whether I would administer anodynes. If he was suffering pain, and no evidence of inflammation I might. I gave this man an opiate—opium in grain doses—the first and second day, but do not recollect of giving him morphine. It would not be proper to give morphine or opium when there is compression on the brain and a tendency to coma; he had no such symptoms at the time. A clot on the brain does not always produce coma—it did not in this case. I gave him stimulants the night of the injury, probably a teaspoonful of whiskey every 15 or 20 minutes; he was then laboring under concussion of the brain, and it is proper to give stimulants at this time. The concussion produced a little of both excitement and stupor; when you would rouse him up he would be a little excited. The bones were *not* pressed in on the brain; the bones were shattered, broken, but not pressing on the brain—that is, driven in. There was hemorrhage from the right ear, from both arterial and venous blood vessels. The arteries then are called the meningeal arteries; I could not tell whether they were ruptured or not; I know that the blood came from the blood vessels inside the skull. I thought of trephining, but did not think it advisable. It is not regarded by modern surgeons as a good idea. It used to be in vogue, but not so much now. It is avoided by most physicians, as not being advisable. I could not tell from the symptoms that there was compression of the brain. His pulse ran up as high as 160 the last evening. It commenced to run up a day or two before that time. It was normal on Monday and Tuesday. The post mortem did not show that there was no inflammation about the brain. Q.—Did you not hear Dr. Fay state that there was no inflammation? A.—I don't care what Dr. Fay states; I speak for myself.

DR. JOHN FAY, recalled.—I said that the inflammation did not produce any pus. I said that he died from a combination of inflamation and coma. There may be inflammation without pus.

JOSEPH LINGAFELTER, sworn.—I resided in Gallitzin on the 20th of May last. My business was hostling the engines at night. I saw Patrick O'Brien after he was hurt at the watch-box. When I came there some one had hold of him trying to lift him up on the plank. I found a stone there. [A large angular fragment of rock weighing about two pounds was here shown to the witness, who identified as the one he found near O'Brien.] Some one said that was the stone that hit him, and I told him I would take charge of it. There were no more of that kind of stones along the track. There was a pile of sandstones a piece off, but they were not of the same kind as this. The track was covered with cinders; you couldn't find any ballast there.

Cross-examined.—There were three or four or five persons there when I came up. There are no stones up on the bank handy that I saw. [The witness described the appearance of the ground in the vicinity.]

GRIFFITH BONNER, being sworn, produced a rough sketch of a survey made by him of points in the vicinity of the watch-house and railroad, and described the appearance of the ground.

SHERIFF BAUMER, being sworn, identified the stone as the one produced by Mr. Lingerfelter at last June court and preserved by him ever since.

WEDNESDAY MORNING'S SESSION.

The witness called this morning after the ordinary routine business of the court was transacted, was

S. W. JONES, recalled.—On that night O'Brien should have turned the switches *just after the Fast Line went east—the second train*—when I would give the signal just as soon as she would pass and get into the tunnel. I suppose it was a minute or so after I gave the signal until I looked down at the watch-box.

Cross-examined.—I saw the rear end of the second train pass just about where the watch-box is. I did not look to see O'Brien's signal after the second train had passed until my attention was called to it by the engine not crossing over—by them ringing the bell. I always see that he lets the engine over—that is my business; when I ascertain that it is all right I let go. I telegraph after I leave the engine in the tunnel. I saw O'Brien's light between the two trains, but not after the last train.

WESLEY SPIRES, *sworn*.—I am foreman of Sub-division No. 5, Pa. R. R., extending from a little below Gallitzin to between the Tunnel and Bennington. It is my business to go over the track every day. The filling in between the tracks from the siding to the tunnel is cinder. I see that it is kept clean. There were to my knowledge no stones lying exposed along there on the 20th of May. I saw O'Brien about 11 o'clock that night, or a little after, at the switch. I had been up at the barber's, across the road, getting shaved, and I came down by Mr. Maulls' hotel, and as I passed there was a crowd of six or seven on the corner, one of whom spoke to me. I went over to O'Brien and stopped with him a few minutes; he was well and hearty at the time. I then went over to Maulls', got a quarter's worth of segars and a glass or two of beer; talked with Mr. Maulls 10 or 15 minutes and then came out. When I was coming from the barber shop Mr. Howell spoke to me, his remark being that it was time for all honest men or married men to be in bed. When I went back into the hotel this party was still standing on the corner. When I came out I didn't see any person about. I went across the way then to where I had left O'Brien, and found him sitting against the watch-box, on a board, moaning and making a good deal of noise. I made the remark, "My God, what is the matter?" "Well," said he, "that crowd—" (this being objected to by defendants' counsel, it was excluded.)

(*Cross-examined*.—O'Brien was sober; I did not hear the trains passing. Howell's remark was the only one I heard; they were talking among themselves in a low, rather whispering tone.

JOHN BRADLEY, Esq., sworn.—(This witness testified to the character of the ground.)

JAMES MAULLS, recalled.—On Saturday afternoon, or just before night, three men were jumping in front of my house with stones; they had six stones. On Sunday morning I noticed some stones lying there; there were *five*. Two were slate—rather a flag—long—and there were three surface stones. When I heard of this stone (the one in evidence) I went to inquire on Sunday morning and found *it was similar to the three remaining stones*. I went over to the stone pile and there was no stone there that indicated the color of these other three. The five stones were just lying by the sign post where they were jumping. When I shut up on Saturday night, in the neighborhood of 11 o'clock, the last persons there were Charley Selvitz, Thomas Howell, the two Leonards, Young and Troxell.

Cross-examined.—There were three men each with two stones; I think they all jumped beside each other. I don't undertake to swear that the stone produced here is one of those stones. Blair Brattlebaugh was in my house I think while this party was there.

BLAIR BRATTLEBAUGH, sworn.—I live at Tunnel Hill; am acquainted with Patrick Leonard and Wm. Young. I was with them that evening. Paddy Leonard and Bill Young met me between the Portage tunnel and the Central R. R. tunnel, at the foot of the hill, about 9 o'clock on Saturday night, and asked me to go along with them over to the west end—got me to go. Paddy said he knew Martin, his brother, was over there drinking, and he was afraid he would be put in the lock-up; wanted me to go along over for company to help him home; so I went along over with him for company to help fetch him home, and went over into Mr. Bender's hotel and saw he had been drinking; he was pretty well under the influence of liquor then; it was about 10 o'clock when we got him out of Mr. Bender's and went over into Mr. Maulls' hotel, and were in there drinking. Tom Howell and others were in there. Me and Paddy Leonard and William Young and Martin and Tom Howell all came out together on the corner of the board walk, and Tom Howell said that Martin should go along home with him and stay all night, and they started. I turned my back toward them, may be a few steps around the corner of the board-walk, and sat down there.—Bill Young and Paddy Leonard were standing over in the big road, talking about something. I don't know what they were talking about. They were standing between the ticket office and Mr. Maulls's hotel. Then they (Paddy Leonard and Bill Young) came over to me and said, "Let's go home." Says I, "All right." We went across the corner of the road above the watch-house and sat down at the corner of the little stable that stands above the watch-house and Paddy Leonard and Bill Young got up and said I should sit still there and wait; said they would come back, and they started towards the watch-house. Just as they started Young said *he would fix him*. I could see them going to the watch-house by the light of the engine—the pusher on the siding—and they got to the watch-house along the edge of the bank, and I didn't pay no attention to them whether they went down off the bank on to the railroad or not.—When they came running back there was a passenger train just going east. They ran on past me and didn't let on they noticed me, or paid any attention to me. It was between 11 and 12 when that happened. I got up and followed them on. About five minutes after that we got to the top of the hill; *Bill Young said he struck that man with a stone*. He did not say what man. Patrick Leonard said he had seen the light going out. We then went into O'Dowd's and Wm. Young set up the drinks—whiskey—and then we came out and I went home, getting there at three minutes past twelve. On Sunday evening I saw Bill Young over at the "patch"; he said he hit that man with a stone. On Monday morning, about 10 o'clock, I met Paddy Leonard on the hill and he told me he had been over at the West end and gave in his evidence, and told me before I went over to get on the same story on oath before the 'Squire—to say that Bill Young stopped that night at the tavern and didn't come along with us home, and, he said, he caught up with us at the fence and said that he had struck that man with a stone; that that would clear him, and if any lawyer would ask me if I seen him, to tell him no, that we just passed each other and bid each other the time of day. I heard nothing said about this at O'Dowd's.

PATRICK O'DOWD, sworn.—Young, Leonard and Brattlebaugh came into my house between 11 and 12. I asked Leonard where Martin was; he said he had sent him home the other way. We went down into the bar-room and Patrick Leonard said that Pat. O'Brien had a head on him; that he would not like to have a head on *him*; and Young tried to interfere and told him to shut up, and Pat. remarked: "Oh, its all right; he won't say anything," or something to that effect. As they were going out Young produced a bottle and asked me to fill it. I said I wouldn't, and Patrick turned around and said I should; it would be all right. So I filled the bottle and gave it to Young, and when he was going out of the door Young said to me in a kind of hoarse whisper, "*I done it!*"

Cross-examined.—All three were present in a group in the bar-room when Pat. said O'Brien had a head on him; he spoke it out loud. When Young told him to hush up Patrick said "Oh, *he's* all right; you need not be afraid," or something like that.

Cross-examined.—The stable is about 100 yards from the watch-house. The night was dark, but I could see about 100 feet. Patrick and Young *both* went as far as the watch-box—Patrick did not stop on the way. When Young said that he had struck the man with a stone, Patrick said, "Yes, I seen the light go out," as if Young was telling Patrick and Patrick was answering back. I am now working under John Leonard, Patrick's brother. Young had been about Gallitzin since last Christmas. At the stable both Young and Leonard said to me, "You stay here until we come back," both speaking the same words at the same time. Going from the railroad to the station, they were talking about something. I didn't hear—they were whispering.

HENRY SEYMOUR, sworn.—I run a stationary engine about one mile east of Gallitzin. On the night of the 20th of May, between 12 and 1 o'clock, Patrick Leonard and some strange man came into the engine-house. Mr. Leonard stated that Martin Leonard got into some trouble at the West end about breaking some lights in the tapper's office. Patrick Leonard said that Mr. Lingafelter, I think the burgess of that place, was bound to give him a hearing on the Monday morning following and pay him back his money; and Patrick Leonard said that O'Brien, the deceased, had informed on them; Leonard said that O'Brien got a good licking that night, and said that *he got a good box and that done him*. Leonard said that he got his face tramped and his lantern kicked a little. Leonard said there was a train came along and the engine was "toot-tooting" for a signal, and no one there to give it. They were both under the influence of liquor and had a bottle with them. The strange man said, "Patrick, it is time to go home." Leonard said, "Yes, we dare not stop long for we are afraid there is a warrant after us now." Leonard said or cautioned me to say nothing about the conversation that he had been talking about in the engine-house. On Tuesday morning following—on the 23d—I went over to see the injured man and met Patrick Leonard at Gallitzin station. He said that he was going to jail an innocent man—he had nothing to do with this crime; that Wm. Young, this strange man that was in my engine-house on the morning of the 21st, had done the whole deed.

This was the last important witness called by the Commonwealth. James Maulls was recalled to show that a pool of blood was found on the North track, between the switch and the watch-box, and none anywhere else. Jacob Snyder testified that no train had passed on the north track after he had seen O'Brien; Albert F. Troxell testified to threats made in Maulls' bar-room by Martin Leonard, brother of the defendant, against O'Brien. Patrick Barns testified regarding his efforts to arrest Young. Sheriff Baumer was called to show that Young had been apprehended near the line between Allegheny and Washington counties, and at 3 p. m., Wednesday, the Commonwealth's case was closed.

Mr. Shoemaker opened the case of the defense of Leonard and was followed by Mr. Barker in behalf of Young. The testimony adduced by the defense was brief, not occupying over an hour, and did not materially contradict that of the Commonwealth, excepting that one witness, Thomas Kinsella, testified to being present when Leonard spoke to Bartlebaugh on Monday, and that Leonard said he should stand his ground and *tell the truth*.

The evidence was closed at half-past 4 o'clock p. m., when the Court adjourned until 7 o'clock.

After supper Mr. Johnston opened the argument for the Commonwealth, and was followed by Mr Landis in defense of Leonard.

On Thursday morning the argument for the defense was continued by Mr. Barker for Young, Mr. Blair closing the argument for Leonard and Col. Linton closing Young's defense. In the afternoon District-Attorney Rose made the final speech for the Commonwealth, after which the Judge charged the jury, which retired about 4 o'clock.

It may be proper to say just here that the Commonwealth asked for no other verdict than murder in the second degree, and that the counsel for Leonard and Young, respectively, in their remarks to the jury, endeavored to fasten the crime on the other defendant—that is, Leonard's counsel tried to fix the guilt on Young and shield Leonard, and *vice versa*.

No evidence having been disclosed in the trial to convict Martin Leonard of any participation in the homicide, a *nolle prosequi* was entered in his case and he was released from jail on Wednesday evening.

THE VERDICT.

At 7.15 Thursday evening the jury returned with a verdict of "*murder in the second degree.*" Not yet sentenced:

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SHERIFF'S SALES.—The following is a list of properties disposed of at judicial sale in Johnstown on Saturday afternoon last:

One hundred acres and improvements in Yoder township, sold as the property of Jacob Gates and purchased by John Thomas for the sum of $300.

House and lot in Woodvale, subject to mortgages; sold as the property of David D. Goughnour and bought by John P. Linton for $10.

House and lot in Kernville (Johnstown), subject to $1,700 in mortgages; sold as the property of John M. Bowman and purchased by George Wood for $100.

House and lot of Jacob Lightner, in Cambria borough; bought for $100 by Cambria Iron Company.

One hundred and thirty-four acres in Taylor township, subject to mortgages of $2,400; sold as the property of Wm. J. Headrick and purchased by John P. Linton for $1,350.

House and lot in East Conemaugh, sold as the property of Wm. J. Headrick and bought by Jacob Fronheiser for the sum of $500.

Twenty-three acres in Adams township, sold as the property of Henry Boyer and purchased for $140 by Francis Devlin.

The writs against the properties of Peter Horner and Conrad Stickeman were stayed, and the judgments against W. P. Patton and Charles Kaylor were satisfied prior to the time fixed for sale.

In this place, on Monday afternoon, Sheriff Baumer disposed of the following properties:

House and lot in Loretto borough, sold as the property of Matthew Kane and bought by F. O'Friel for $126.

House and lot in Summerhill, sold as the property of N. Wolf and purchased by John E. Hare for $105.

House and lot in Ebensburg borough, sold as the property of Geo. W. Oatman and bought by R. L. Johnston for $630.

House and lot in Loretto borough, sold as the property of John Ph. Beisel and purchased by Wm. Litzinger for $500.

One hundred and sixteen acres in Cambria township, sold as the property of John Hileman and bought by Henry Brown for $1,200.

Fifty acres in Cambria township, sold as the property of Daniel Murray and bought by Edward Roberts for $6.50.

Twenty-five acres in Cambria township, sold as the property of Daniel Murray and purchased by Rees J. Lloyd for $5.

All the other writs were either stayed, settled or adjourned.

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THOSE who have been deceived by the incompetent empirics that have attempted to enlighten the world upon the delicate matters relating to the generative organs should resort to the works published by the "Peabody Medical Institute," Boston, as the source of true information. Those who are suffering as though without hope from the errors of youth those whose vitality has been impaired by exposures or by intense application to business, should not fail to peruse "The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation." The female portion of the community should make themselves familiar with the "Sexual Physiology of Woman and Her Diseases." Those afflicted with nervous debility in any form should read the work on "Diseases of the Nerves and Nervous Maladies." These works, written by the Chief Consulting Physician of the "Peabody Institute," Boston, have attained an enormous circulation, and done incalculable good, in appreciation of which the National Medical Association have just presented the author with one of the largest, most costly and elaborate Gold Medals ever made. See advertisement in another column.

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THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.—No people in the world suffer as much with Dyspepsia as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Water-brash, Sick Headache, Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Liver Complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER we believe there is no case of Dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved. 30,000 dozen sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your Druggists, Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, or P. M. Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore, and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents.

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.—'Tis folly to fret or get into a pet about the trials or cares that come on unawares; 'twould be better by far to take things as they are, and always seek to beguile with a laugh or a smile all of life's hardships and woes; and to aid you in this it would not be amiss to buy a bran new suit of clothes at the famous cheap store of the man who has bore, for twenty odd years, more or less, a name and repute that none can dispute for selling at prices too low to express. We mean of course Mr. Jas. J. Murphy, of Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown.

—The throng of people in town on Monday last, drawn hither either by business at Court, or by the Democratic meeting, was simply immense.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—"The calf McPike" is awful glad that he ain't a *sheep*. Fursthay?

—Sixty-eight rail-road tickets to this place were sold at Gallitzin on Monday morning last.

—Plenty of frost these nights, but little or no damage to the crops so far as we have yet heard.

—As a cross-examiner of witnesses who does not himself get cross, Aug. S. Landis, Esq., is a decided success.

—For the first time since the opening of the Centennial, every available passenger car on the Pa. R. R. is now in use.

—Huntingdon had a drunken woman one day last week. More's the shame and disgrace—for the unfortunate creature.

—Between seventy and eighty Democratic voters were made by right of naturalization at our county court on Monday last.

—At the fire in Carrolltown on Sunday last it is said to have been necessary to light a candle in order to find where the conflagration was.

—After all we have found it impossible to make room this week for S. B. McCormick's campaign songs. Will publish them next week without fail.

—The rain came down in torrents Wednesday night, and people who were complaining about a scarcity of water can now do what the fountains threatened to do, "dry up."

—A native of Switzerland named Alfred Mathys, 42 years of age, with his wife and *fifteen* children, passed west over the P. R. R., per emigrant train, on Tuesday last.

—Men's heavy boots for $2.50, at Pryce, Baxter, Jones & Co.'s cheap cash store, where a full and seasonable assortment of new goods of every description has just been received.

—In the garden of a Lewistown "widder" was produced this year a double cherry, a double plum, a double bean, and a triple ear of corn. The *Democrat* thinks it a sign of a wedding.

—The roof of Mr. James Yinger's residence, in Carrolltown, caught fire from a detective flue, on Sunday morning last, but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done.

—The services of one brakeman in each freight crew running between Altoona and Pittsburgh, on the Pa. R. R., have been dispensed with, the order to that effect going into operation on Friday last.

—The steam shingle mill of Mr. Jas. E. Neason, in Clearfield township, caught fire from a spark thrown out by the furnace, on Wednesday evening of last week, and was burned to the ground. Loss $2,000—insurance $1,000.

—The Republican Congressional conferees of this district are to meet at Hollidaysburg on Monday next for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress. It looks very much as if Hon. John Cessna will be the choice of the conference.

—Messrs. A. D. Christe, and James Luckett will offer at public sale, at the residence of the latter named gentleman, in Barr township, on Saturday next, a large lot of personal property, consisting of live stock, farming implements, etc. See posters.

—The band boys with their horns pleased everybody at the Court House on Monday last, but it was left to the other Horne—Mr Nathaniel Horne, of Johnstown—to edify and delight all present with his masterly and eloquent effort on that occasion.

—The Altoona *Mirror* is informed that no Cambria county conferee has authorized the statement that the Senatorial conference is to be held on the 18th or 20th of the present month. It is probably that it will convene some time during September, but not so early as either of the days indicated.

—Messrs. Philip and Thomas Collins, the well known and very successful contractors, have secured the work of delivering the necessary pipe from the Allegheny to the Susquehanna rivers for the proposed oil line to the seaboard, which, as already stated by us, will pass within two or three miles of our town.

—Before you come to Court next week get your wife or somebody else you are interested in, to make out a list of goods and then call at the cheap cash store of Myers & Lloyd and get them to fill the bill. There may not be "millions in it," but the amount you will save on your purchase will not be sneezed at.

—The Tyrone Fire Companies have each been presented by the citizens of Philipsburg with solid German silver fire horns, gold lined and elegantly engraved, as marks of appreciation for the timely aid furnished by said organizations during the recent destructive conflagrations which afflicted that unfortunate community.

—A little four-year-old daughter of Mr. Geo. Greenwood, of Cambria borough, was struck by the dwarf engine used for hauling coal on a narrow guage railroad at the C. I. Co.'s coal mines, on Tuesday morning last, but strange to say, although thrown some distance, the little unfortunate was not very seriously injured.

—The name of Miss Columbia A. Horne, of Johnstown, an accomplished teacher and most exemplary young lady, has been mentioned in connection with the vacant principalship in our borough schools, and if she only wore—well, habilliments becoming the sterner sex—there is a strong probability that she would be the coming man.

—It is said to be "an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the hard times in Altoona is no exception to the rule, for now is the time of all times to buy made-up clothing from Godfrey Wolff, next door to the Post-office, Altoona, at prices which for cheapness have never been equalled in the annals of trade.

—Hon. John Reilly, the manly man who represents this district in Congress, and who will, if all signs do not fail, continue to represent us for another term at least, was in town on Wednesday receiving the congratulations and exhortations to continue in the path he has so well trod from hosts of friends and admirers from all parts of the county.

—One hundred and fifty citizens of Altoona, or thereabouts, and one hundred and twenty citizens of Renova, have formed themselves into a colony with the intention of emigrating to Texas about the first of November next, provided a committee which is to be sent out in the meantime finds a suitable location. Hope the Democrats among them will wait until after the election.

—A lady who pastures her cow in the suburbs of town desires us to notify certain parties well known that if they don't discontinue extracting the lacteal fluid from the udder of the aforesaid bovine of the female persuasion—in other words, if they don't stop milking her cow, and that pretty soon, their names will be bawled out by the "calf M'Pike" before they know what ails them.

—While a lad named David Hare, whose home is near Williamsburg, Blair county was on Thursday last engaged in the effort to learn a horse to stand on a box *a la* circus, the animal suddenly raised his fore feet and struck young Hare in the abdomen with one of his knees, producing copious internal hemorrhages and causing death after great suffering about 4 o'clock on the following morning.

—After all Prof. T. J. Chapman is not to be the principal of our borough schools, he having appeared here on Saturday last and announced that he had a better offer which he was anxious to accept; when, upon, the School Directors relieved him of his engagement without further ceremony. The opening of the schools has as a consequence been postponed until the services of a principal who *will* stick can be secured.

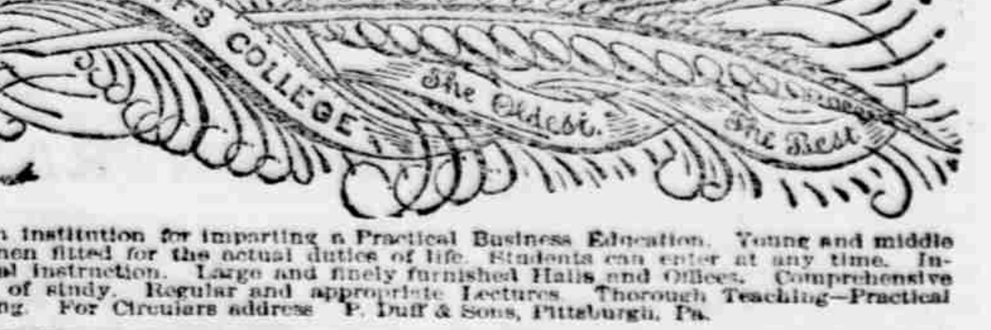
—It is no disparagement to the other speakers to say that Mr. Horne's great effort on Monday evening last was *the* speech of the occasion. Temperate and convincing in all respects, it was received throughout with marked attention and frequently interrupted by loud applause. The Democratic party owes a debt of gratitude to such men as Mr. Horne, and the sooner it commences payment at his end of the line the better.

—A steam saw mill at Woodland, Clearfield county, owned by the Alberts Brothers, and Johnathan Bayerton's lumber-yard and the railroad company's water tank at the same place, were destroyed by an incendiary fire on Sunday morning last, involving a loss on the mill of $25,000 and on the lumber of $15,000, with an insurance of not more than one-third. Among the property destroyed were about 1,000,000 feet of sawed lumber and 40,000 pickets.

—Henry Ausfield, a resident of Altoona, was shot in the right shoulder and quite severely if not dangerously wounded, on Tuesday morning last, by the accidental discharge of his gun, which he was at the time lifting from a wagon in which himself and two or three others had been conveyed to what is know as the Buckhorn Tavern, about six miles northwest of that city. The wounded man subsequently refused to have his arm amputated, and the chances for and against his recovery are said to be about equal.

—In its peculiarly truthful and chaste account of the Democratic meeting held at the Court House, in this place, on Monday night last, the Johnstown *Tribune* takes occasion to speak of ourself, whom it denominates "the calf, McPike," as being in the audience, and in an editorial item in another column it says that John G. Lake, R. L. Johnston, L. D. Woodruff and H. A. McPike, whom it designates as "the receiver of bounties from living men and the villifiers of a dead man, were all officiating at the Democratic meeting last night." The *Tribune* ought to try to be consistent, if it can't be decent, and it might not be amiss for it to explain in what way we were the receiver of bounties from living men, as alleged in said accusation. As an answer to the remaining charge we refer our readers to an article in our editorial department this week.

EXPOSITION!
GRAND WEDDING
AFTER THE NORTH GERMAN CUSTOM,
[PLATTDEUTSCH].
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, September 8th & 9th.
FATHERLAND AND AMERICA.
BRIDE, GROOM, and ATTENDANTS,
All of whom are North Germans, to be attired in National Costumes. The ceremony to be conducted by a North German Minister, and in strict accordance with Home Customs.
CEREMONY AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M., FRIDAY.
Grand Reception and National Dance in the Home Cottage, erected specially for the occasion, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING. This COTTAGE will be a fac simile of those of Fatherland, with Furniture, Animals, &c. All will be respectable and orderly.
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.
This Price of Admission will be continued throughout the Exposition.
Fruit Show week beginning September 11th. Poultry and Dog Show week beginning Sept. 18th. Premiums promptly paid in cash. NEW ATTRACTIONS EVERY DAY.



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DOINGS IN COURT.—In addition to the murder trial reported at length in our paper to-day, we note the following as having been disposed of in our county court up to the time of going to press:

Flattery vs. Flattery—libel for divorce. In this case James Potts, Esq., moved for an order to vacate the order allowing Mrs. Flattery, the libellant, to withdraw her petition for a decree *a vinculo matrimoni*, and argued that inasmuch as she had charged her husband, Wm. Flattery, Esq., with cruelty, ill treatment, drunkenness, the use of vile and abusive language, etc., he was entitled to a trial as to the facts, and as the discontinuance of her petition left the charges on record against the respondent, it was a great injustice to him. The Court refused the motion and allowed the libellant to withdraw her petition for divorce from bed and board. Action was suspended until payment should be made of the costs accruing in the first case.

In the cases of Jos. O'Connor, surety of the peace, Michael McBride, simple assault and battery, Charles Dill, assault and battery, Peter S. Kelly, assault and battery on his mother-in-law, and James Connelly, Henry Lahey and Samuel Flenner, all charged with assault and battery, a *nolle prosequi* was entered by District Attorney Rose, the Court concurring, on payment of costs by the defendants.

Com'th vs. Lawrence Kost—fornication and bastardy. Settled by the parties interested.

Com'th vs. Jacob L. Bee, of "Bugtown," Susquehanna township—larceny in the stealing of a lot of leather from a shoemaker's shop in the vicinity. As the accused had informed the owner of the leather previous to the theft that he intended to join with others in the proposed larceny merely as a detective, and as no felonious intent on his part was established, the defendant was promptly acquitted by the jury.

Com'th vs. John M. Champenour, John Alcock and Robert Murray—indicted for a recent burglary committed at Dibert & Son's hardware store, Johnstown. The two first named plead guilty and submitted to the Court, and the latter was put upon trial and acquitted, it being alleged on part of the defense that Murray was drunk when he admitted his guilt to Burgess Easly, Chief-of-Police Harris, and others in Johnstown, which he probably did through a spirit of bravado or out of sympathy for the real culprits and a desire to share their punishment. Evidence was also produced that Murray was at his home in Cambria borough when the burglary was committed and consequently could have had no part in the burglary.

In consequence of the confession of Champenour and Alcock and the acquittal of Murray, the District Attorney, on leave from Court, entered a *nolle prosequi*, as was also done in the case of Com'th vs. Noah Messenger, charged on oath of his wife with assault and battery and surety of the peace, Com'th vs. Wm. Sitck, fornication and bastardy, and Com'th vs. John Martin, indicted for the larceny of an axe—the costs in the last three cases being paid by defendants.

Henry Fye vs. D. W. Harshberger. This was a civil suit on an action for debt, the result of which, was the finding by the jury of $559.95 for the plaintiff.

Com'th vs. Dan'l and Jas. Hildebrand—burglary. The Grand Jury ignored the bill and the defendants were discharged.

Com'th vs. Jesse T. Hanson, indicted for rape on oath of Sarah Blanton, a girl about fourteen years of age. The fact that the victim of this alleged outrage did not make information against the accused for ten days after the crime was said to have been committed, and the further fact that the girl's father had subsequently been charged with surety of the peace by Hanson, prompted the jury after a short absence to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

Com'th vs. Jeremiah Crowley, charged on oath of his wife with turning her out of the house and refusing to support her. Court orders defendant to pay the plaintiff at the rate of $8.50 per month for a period of six months and to liquidate the costs of suit.

Com'th vs. Peter S. Kelly—aggregated assault and battery. Defendant submits and is sentenced by Court to pay a fine of $10, costs of prosecution, and remain in county jail for a term of thirty days.

Com'th vs. Daniel J. Morris—uttering forged order. Pleads guilty and is fined $10 and costs, and sent to jail for six months.

Com'th vs. Charles and Daniel Myers—assault and battery; David L. Rodgers prosecutor. Jury out.

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IF I ONLY HAD HEALTH.—Many a one wishes for good health without making use of the proper means to obtain it. Reader, whoever you are, go now whilst this notice is acting on your mind and employ Dr. Keyser, of Pittsburgh, who has made chronic diseases his study for years. In diseases of the lungs especially, has he far outstripped all rivals. He has studied the diseases of the lungs in all their phases, and, if curable he can cure you. Do not wait however until your constitution is a wreck; until the whole system is involved in the disease; but even then, it may not be too late. Dr. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE has worked wonders in restoring health and removing disease. It will cure often when nothing else will, and when you find it impossible to consult the Doctor personally, get his essay and his Lung Cure. The book will be sent free to all who write for it.

Price of Lung Cure $1.50 per bottle or $7.50 per half dozen. To be had at Dr. Keyser's Laboratory, 240 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh. His private consulting office is No. 120 Penn avenue.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House, New York*. [4-21.-6m.]

OBITUARY.

GUTHRIE.—Died, in this place, on Wednesday, Sept. 6th, 1876, of consumption, after a long and painful illness, Mr. WM. E. GUTHRIE, aged about 32 years.

STRAY STEER.—Came into the enclosure of the subscriber, in Washington township, on or about the first of June last, a light brindle colored Steer, about two years old, with white forehead, small white stripe across the back, and a small mark on the under side of the ear. The owner is requested to call, establish his claim, pay all legitimate charges, and take the steer away, if he wishes to prevent the sale of the same as the law directs. JOHN ITEL.
Washington Twp., Sept. 8, 1876.-3t.*

Beaver (Pa.)
COLLEGE AND MUSICAL INSTITUTE.
$196.50
Pays for Board, Furnished Room, and Tuition in Common Branches for the school year—commencing Sept. 12th. Extensive Buildings and in fine repair. $236 pays for the above and Music Lessons. Send for Catalogue and full information. College most beautifully situated on the Ohio River, 28 miles below Pittsburgh. Address
R. T. TAYLOR, President.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—The Sisters of St. Joseph have opened a Boarding School for Young Ladies at St. Mary's Convent, Hollidaysburg, Pa. Terms, $150 per annum, payable in advance. Music and Languages, extra charge. [9-1.3m.]

ONLY REMEDY
FOR
HARD TIMES.
CHANGE YOUR SURROUNDINGS.

All wanting FRUIT FARMS, especially adapted to the growth of the VINE, where it is an established success and pays LARGE PROFIT. The land is also adapted to the growth of Peaches, Pears, Apples, and small fruits; also, Grains, Grass and Vegetables.

Many hundreds of excellent VINEYARDS, ORCHARDS and FARMS can now be seen.

THE LOCATION is only 31 miles south of Philadelphia, by Railroad, in a mild, delightful climate, and at the very doors of the New York and Philadelphia Markets. Another Railroad runs direct to New York.

THE PLACE is already LARGE, SUCCESSFUL and PROSPEROUS. Churches, Schools, and other privileges are already established. Also, manufactories of Shoes, Clothing, Glass, Straw Goods, and other things, at which different members of a family can procure employment.

It has been a HEALTH RESORT for some years past for people suffering from pulmonary affections, asthma, catarrh, ague and debility, many thousands of whom have entirely recovered.

A new Brick Hotel has just been completed, 100 feet front, with back buildings, four stories high, including French roof, and all modern improvements for the accommodation of visitors.

PRICE OF FARM LAND, $25.00 PER ACRE, payable by installments, within the period of four years. In this climate, 20 acres of land planted out to vines will count as much as 100 acres further north.

Persons unacquainted with Fruit Growing can become familiar with it in a short time on account of surroundings.

FIVE ACRES, ONE ACRE, and TOWN LOTS, in the towns of Landisville and Vineland, also for sale.

Whilst visiting the Centennial Exposition, Vineland can be visited at small expense.

A paper containing full information will be sent free of cost on application to CHARLES K. LANDIS, VINELAND, N. J.

The following is an extract from a description of Vineland, written by the well-known agriculturist, Solon Robinson, and published in the New York *Tribune*:

All the farmers were of the "well to do" sort, and some of them, who have turned their attention to fruits and market gardening, have grown rich. The soil is loam, varying from sandy to clayey, and surface gently undulating, intersected with small streams and occasional wet meadows, in which deposits of peat or muck are stored, sufficient to fertilize the whole upland surface, after it has been exhausted of its natural fertility.

It is certainly one of the most extensive tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western Prairies. We found some of the oldest farms apparently just as profitably productive as when cleared of forest fifty or a hundred years ago.

The geologist would soon discover the cause of this continued fertility. The whole country is a marine deposit, and all through the soil we found evidences of calcareous substances, generally in the form of indurated calcareous marl, showing many distinct forms of ancient shells, of the tertiary formation; *and this marly substance is scattered all through the soil, in a very comminuted form and in the exact condition most easily assimilated by such plants as the farmer desires to cultivate.* [8-25.-1y.]

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK!
120 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.

CHARTERED SEPT. 12, 1870. DEPOSITS received of all sums not less than One Dollar. Present rate of interest, six per cent. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book. Money loaned on Real Estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good reference perfect titles, etc., required.

This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts granted. No loans on personal security.

Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws, and special law relating to this Bank, sent to any address desired.

TRUSTEES—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, H. Baumer, Jr., Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, James McMillen, James McFeely, Lewis Plitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, George T. Swank, and W. W. Walters.
DANIEL J. MORRELL, President.
FRANK DIBERT, Treasurer.
CYRUS ELDER, Solicitor. [12-3,'75.-1y.]

JAMES WILKINSON .... H. T. O'FRIEL.
WILKINSON & O'FRIEL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE!
Loretto, Pa.
Work executed promptly and satisfactorily, and as cheap as the cheapest. (4-12.—tf.)

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of PATRICK SLATTERY, dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Patrick Slattery, late of Washington township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN SLATTERY, Executor.
Summit, Sept. 1, 1876.-6t.*

LETTING.—Sealed proposals for furnishing the materials and building a School House in Loretto borough will be received until SEPTEMBER 23, 1876. Plans and specifications can now be seen at the storeroom of F. O'Friel, in said borough. Bidders will write the word "Proposal" on the outside of the envelope, and address W. W. McAteer, Secretary.
By order of the Board of School Directors.
Sept. 1, 1876.-3t. F. O'FRIEL, President.

STRAY STEERS.—Came into the enclosure of the subscriber, in Blacklick township, on or about the 1st of July last, two young steers, rising two years old, both red and white spotted, and with no ear or other marks visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away; otherwise they will be disposed of according to law. A. R. LONGANECKER.
Blacklick Twp., Sept. 1, 1876.-3t.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified of the fact that I have this day purchased at Constable's sale and left with THOMAS KIRKPATRICK during my pleasure the following described personal property, to wit: 1 brindle cow, 1 cook stove and utensils, and 1 dining table. The public are cautioned against interfering with the same.
JAMES KIRKPATRICK.
Chest Twp., Aug. 15, 1876. [8-25.-3t.]

E. H. FLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining residence and immediately in the rear of Hon. R. J. Lloyd's drug store. Night calls can be made at the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street, Ebensburg. [4-24.-tf.]

The Birds and Their Uses.

The subject of birds and their relation to agriculture has an importance which is not generally appreciated, but which is being enforced by havoc which is being worked by insects where birds have been destroyed. A Richmond (Va.) paper recently stated that bad news came from every tobacco-growing district of the State, the plants being eaten by the fly. Thus, in the opinion of the paper, the chief staple of a large part of Virginia was in danger. This special peril to the Virginia tobacco crop has grown the last twenty years. It is believed that one of the chief causes is the destruction wrought of late years upon the birds. With the end of the war an indiscriminate hunt for birds has begun and ever since has been continued. The greatest enemy of insect life is the bird, and as the birds have been destroyed in Virginia, every one has noticed the increase of insects that attack the crops. The same lesson has long since been learned in other countries, so that it has become an accepted maxim in Europe to foster the birds, and in Australia, and of late in this country, European birds have been imported for the simple purpose of insect destruction.

In a report of the Commissioner of Agriculture there is an article from the pen of Prof. George H. Perkins, of Vermont, in which he says that there are in the State of Vermont probably not less than 800 species of lepidopterous insects, (i. e., the moth and cutter flies), and in the whole United States there are not less, probably, than 4,000. But leaving the rest of the States, Prof. Perkins confines himself in the following calculation to Vermont, and works out the following alarming results:

"If we suppose the number of species in this State to be 800, the increase will be something like this: Each female lays on average 350 eggs—but we will place the number at 300. Now suppose in the year 1871 there exists only one pair of each species, there would during the year, 240,000 eggs produced, which would develop into 240,000 caterpillars. If half of them were females, next year we should have 120,000 pair of insects, which would produce 36,000,000 caterpillars for 1873, and so on, so that in five years there would come from the unchecked increase of only one pair of each species 1,215,000,000,000,000 caterpillars, or 200,000,000 for every single acre in the State. It is true that as the arrangement of things now is not one in a hundred, if indeed one in thousands of these eggs, ever reach maturity, but the great agents of destruction are the birds. Making all possible deductions on account of all destructive influences except the birds, we have left a very large figure, and if this is multiplied by the number of pairs actually living, and as all know of some kinds there are thousands, the produce is something appalling."

If such are the facts in Vermont, where a cold climate tends to harrass and diminish insect life, what must be the innumerable hordes of insect depredators under warmer and more genial skies? If any of the animal creation, by its relation to the general economy of nature, deserves to be protected, it is the birds. For every apparent evil in nature the Creator has provided a remedy, and birds are the insect destroyers. The remedy is one in which all can have a share in rendering effectual. Farmers and planters should exert themselves to protect the birds from the senseless, savage, and more than useless slaughter to which they have been condemned. These little beings not only minister to the solace of men by their beauty and melody, but they are even more useful than they are beautiful.

◆

THE WHITE HOUSE—ITS HISTORY.—The White House, at Washington, D. C., was commenced in October, 1792. The Commissioners of Washington City, a sort of Board of Public Works in those days, offered a premium for competitive plans, and the award was given to James Hoban.—The building is modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leinster. It is 170 feet front by 86 feet deep. It has the appearance of being built of white marble, but the material is freestone, painted white, with Ionic portico, comprehended two stories, crowned with a balustrade. The interior is planned more for display than for health. It is curious to remember in this Centennial year that in 1814 the Britishers invaded the White House, and very seriously injured the magnificent state dining-room by their rude and barbarious practices. The invaders' hands, which have had recourse to the torch, did not hesitate to deface the columns and panelings of the Presidential Mansion with spur and bayonet. The building was repaired under the supervision of the original architect, Jas. Hoban.

◆

WHERE TO SET MILK.—There is no doubt that immense quantities of poor butter are made from the milk set in improper places. The kitchen pantry the living room, and the cellar used to store vegetables and other family supplies, will impart peculiar taints to the milk and cream, in such a degree as to be destructive to flavor, even though the butter in other respects be skillfully handled. Dairy room so situated as to catch the odor of decomposing garbage, cannot be used for making good butter. There should be a freedom from filth and impurities of every description about the milk-house, and the milk should be delivered by the milkers in an ante-room or some point outside the milk-room, and from thence conveyed to the place where it is to be set for cream. In this way the fumes and the litter from the stable may be kept from the milk-room.—*Practical Farmer.*

Exposition Now Open!

Floral Hall and Art Gallery Complete.

25 CENTS ADMISSION TILL SEPTEMBER 1st.

Fruit Display, Week beginning Sept. 11th; Poultry and Dog Show, Week beginning Sept. 18th.

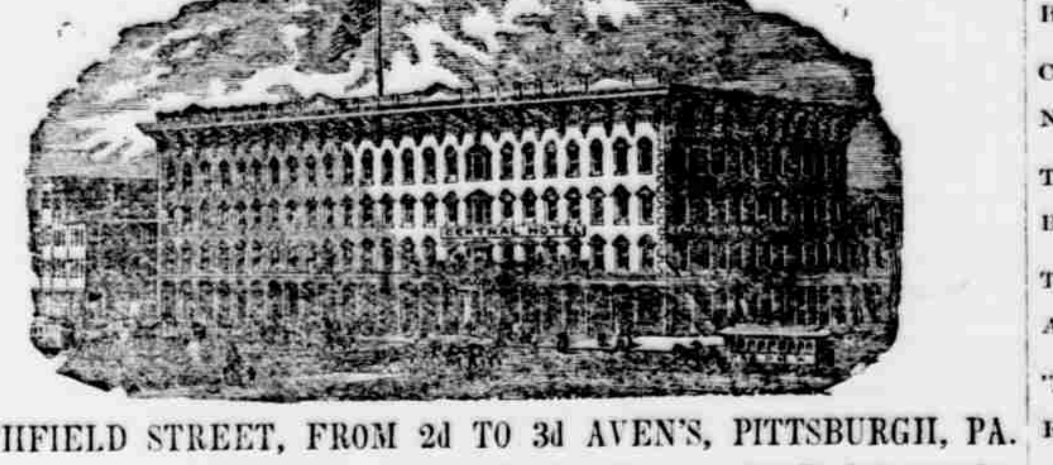
Mt. Union College Collection of Stuffed Animals--Rare Display.

RARE GATHERING OF EXHIBITS.

☞ Music by Great Western Band. Special Features from time to time. Dining Room on Restaurant plan. Blair's Ice Cream and Cakes in Dining Room.

ALL IS NOW READY.

The CENTRAL HOTEL, of Pittsburgh.



SMITHFIELD STREET, FROM 2d TO 3d AVEN'S, PITTSBURGH, PA.

The most centrally located first-class House in the city. Street cars pass the door every five minutes to all the depots and all parts of both cities. Terms, $2.50 per day.

Aug. 18, 1876.—3m. WALSH & ANDERSON, Proprietors.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

Largest, Best and Cheapest

Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Millinery, Carpets, Oil Cloths &c., to be found in Cambria county.

[2-4.] ☞ Don't forget the number and street. [tf.]

CENTENNIAL ACCOMMODATIONS.

Westminster Hotel,

NEAR THE

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION,

On Belmont, the main avenue to the Park, within three blocks of the main building,

West Philadelphia.

This new and beautifully located Hotel is now open, and has been built expressly for the reception of guests visiting the International Exposition.

It has all the modern improvements, combining convenience, safety and comfort.

The Pennsylvania Centennial Railroad Depot is only two squares from the house.

The Chestnut and Walnut and Race and Vine street cars pass the door every ten minutes to the Exhibition Grounds and to all parts of the city.

The "Westminster" has a much larger number of rooms on the first floor than any other Hotel in the city. The house is but two stories high, and is surrounded by beautiful grounds.

For particulars apply to W. T. CALEB, Westminster Hotel, Philadelphia.

July 21, 1876.-3m.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

Wood Street, from 2d to 3d Avenues,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The most centrally located first-class house in the city. Street cars within one square every five minutes to all the Depots and to all parts of both cities. Terms, $2.50 per day. Large sample room for commercial travelers.

J. M. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor.

[8 11.-3m.]

Belmont Hotel,

Philadelphia,

CORNER 41st AND OREGON STS.

Four Blocks from Centennial Exposition.

Capacity, 1,000 Guests. Terms, $3.50 per Day.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

☞ Private Parlors and Rooms en suite, etc.

Located in a lovely grove of maple trees. The most attractive Hotel near Centennial Grounds. Free from noise, dust, mud and combustible buildings. Built and furnished by Baltimoreans. The patronage of the citizens of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia especially solicited.

CHAS. F. & F. P. STEVENS, Owners and Proprietors.

[6-30.-3m.]

PEABODY HOUSE,

Corner LOCUST and NINTH Streets,

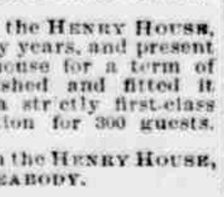
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Convenient to places of amusement and car lines in the city. No changes to and from the Centennial grounds.

Col. WATSON, proprietor of the HENRY HOUSE, Cincinnati, for the past twenty years, and present proprietor, has leased the house for a term of years, and has newly furnished and fitted it *throughout.* He will keep a strictly first-class house, and has accommodation for 300 guests. Terms only $3 per day.

No bar has ever been kept in the HENRY HOUSE, nor will any be kept in the PEABODY.

May 26, 1876.—4m.



BONNER HOUSE, LORETTO, PA—Having just completed and furnished this commodious and elegant hotel, the subscriber respectfully solicits from the public in general and summer visitors in particular a fair share of patronage. The house is supplied with all modern improvements, and has a fine ten-pin alley attached, as well as abundant provisions for the accommodation and amusement of all who may favor the house with their custom. Terms only $10 per week.

W. J. BONNER.

Loretto, May 19, 1876.-tf.

Miller House

LATE "CAIN HOUSE,"

Cornr Main and Pittsburgh Sts.,

GREENSBURG, PA.

Very centre of town. Fronts the south entrance to the Court House.

[2-4,'76.-tf.] JOHN PORTER, Lessee.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.27,'72.]

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near PENN'A R. R. DEPOT,

Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

IRON AND NAILS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

Provisions and Feed

OF ALL KIND, TOGETHER WITH

WESTERN and COUNTRY PRODUCE

such as Fresh Meats, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, Butter, Eggs, Carbon Oil, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law,* Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

TILDEN, HENDRICKS AND REFORM.

From South and East and North and West
  I hear a cry most strange;
The people all, the wisest, best,
  Are clamoring for a "change."

Grant's yoke of tyranny has long been borne,
  And all the voters see
That Tilden, Hendricks and Reform
  Alone can set them free.

Babcock and Belknap and other thieves
  Too long have ruled the State;
Grant's "ring" most foul has robbed us all
  Of half our proud estate.

Great God! beneath the present rule
  Our proud old eagle raves;
And virtually the laboring men
  Are only menial slaves.

Our arrant foe, so long in power
  Doth on us burdens roll;
The chains grow stronger every hour—
  They crucify the soul.

With them stern might, but make the right
  And Democrats must yield;
But sure as stars begem the night,
  This year we'll win the field!

From sea to sea, from gulf to lakes
  They see the threat'ning storm;
Glad Freedom's song the mass awakes,
  For Tilden and Reform.

The erst old noble ship of State,
  'Neath Grant's unwise command,
Is floating now, a sorry wreck,
  Afar from solid land.

Patriots, laborers, thinking men,
  Let not your grief o'erwhelm,
But *rally, rally,* save the ship!
  Place Tilden at the helm.

Corruption, every kind of wrong,
  The Radicals have sent;
Now, Democrats, united, strong,
  Make Tilden President.

The war long ended, Morton fights
  Upon your streets to-day,
But General Tilden comes in sight
  To sweep their strength away!

The bloody shirt to stir men's blood
  He waves and wafts on high,
An insult to all thinking men
  A brazen, blackened lie!

'Twill not avail; the masses rise
  Intent the truth to learn;
Reform's bright flames illume the skies
  And strong and steady burn.

Extravagance, and ills most dire
  The Radicals have given;
But see! Reform's unvarying fire
  Is flashing up to heaven.

Right still doth rule, despite the cry.
  Of cravens steeped in crime.
This fall the Tilden flag shall fly
  In majesty sublime!

The thieves who've robbed the lab'ring poor
  In terror soon will fly,
When Democratic thunders roll
  And shake both earth and sky.

United now like freemen stand,
  And face November's storm.
The country then will be redeemed
  By Tilden and Reform.

Let honest Democrats arise
  And mingle in the fray;
And by their action firm and wise
  They'll surely win the day.

The Radicals will bow their heads
  In terror, fear and shame,
When on November's blast is borne
  Reformer Tilden's name.

Awake! Awake! Oh Democrats!
  Your land from ruin save
By placing Grant and all his crew
  Forever in the grave!

God still presides on all the world,
  He rules the sea and storm;
And by His grace we'll win the race
  With Tilden and Reform.

◆

THE REFORMERS ARE GATHERING.

Air—"Marching Along."

I.

The Reformers are gathering from far and from near,
The Tocsin is sounding, it rings loud and clear,
With praise for our leaders, they're upright and strong,
With men to be trusted, we're marching along;
Marching along, we are marching along,
With praise for our leaders, they're upright and strong,
For Tilden and Hendricks we are marching along.
Marching along, we are marching along,
With men to be trusted, we are marching along.
With praise for our leaders, they're upright and strong;
For Tilden and Hendricks, we are marching along.

II.

We gave up the nation to unpractised hands,
The fruits are stagnation, divisions and clans;
Their prestige is waning through frauds practised long,
Their doom we are sounding, while marching along.
Marching along, etc., and chorus.

III.

A prostrated country, its business doth stand
And idleness is ruling, tramping o'er the land,
While maledictions loud, from the down-trodden throng,
Are heap'd upon the Rads, while marching along.
Marching along, etc., and chorus.

IV.

A good resolution the people have planned,
A new deal's demanded, the project will stand
Of changing the leaders, one pull good and strong
Will end them forever while marching along.
Marching along, etc., and chorus.

◆

CAMPAIGN SONG.

TUNE.—*Maryland, My Maryland.*

Come on b-hoys, we'll jolly be—
  Grab a root, oh! here's your mule—
We'll jog along to victory—
  Grab a root, oh! here's your mule—
    For Governor Hayes will never run
    Against "Old Empire's" favorite son;
    He'll never rule at Washington—
      Grab a root, oh! here's your mule.

Such men as Hayes will never win—
  Grab a root, oh! here's your mule—
He endorses Grant through thick and thin—
  Grab a root, oh! here's your mule,
    He humbugged soldiers, as you know,
    But he'll never cheat the people so,
    And never to the White House go—
      Grab a root, oh! here's your mule.

The people want no thieving there—
  Grab a root, oh! here's your mule—
No "salary grabbers" in the chair—
  Grab a root, oh! here's your mule.
    The cry goes out to lands remote
    That salary grabbing is played out,
    For which Hayes freely gave his vote—
      Grab a root, oh! here's you mule.

With Tilden, boys, we'll stand the storm—
  Grab a root, oh! here's your mule—
With Hendricks, too, we'll shout reform
  Grab a root, oh! here's your mule.
    Then Let your banners wave on high
    With reform as our battle cry. [fly—
    We'll make the White House buzzards
      Grab a root, oh! here's your mule.

SCARLET FEVER.—The following recipe is handed to us with a request for publication: "An eminent physician of Chicago says he cures ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of scarlet fever, by giving the patient warm lemonade with gumarabic dissolved in it. A cloth wrung out in hot water and laid upon the stomach should be removed as rapidly as it becomes cool."

Life, GROWTH, Beauty.

LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER.

LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER.

Not a Dye; makes harsh hair soft and silky; cleanses the scalp from all impurities, causing the hair to grow where it has fallen off or become thin.

Can be applied by the hand, as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. As a Hair Dressing it is the most perfect the world has ever produced. The hair is renovated and strengthened, and the natural color restored without the application of mineral substances.

Since the introduction of this truly valuable preparation into this country, it has been the wonder and admiration of all classes, as it has proved to be the only article that will absolutely, without deception, restore gray hair to its original color, health, softness, lustre and beauty, and produce hair on bald heads of its original growth and color.

HERE IS THE PROOF

—OF ITS—

Superior EXCELLENCE

Read this Home Certificate, testified to by Edward B. Garrigues, one of the most competent Druggists and Chemists of Philadelphia—a man whose veracity none can doubt:

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "*London Hair Color Restorer,*" which restored my hair to its original color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that this preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward B. Garrigues, druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was quite gray when I commenced its use.

MRS. MILLER,
No. 730 North Ninth street, Phila.

DR. SWAYNE & SON.—*Respected Friends:* I have the honor to inform you that a lady of my acquaintance, Mrs. Miller, is delighted with the success of your "*London Hair Color Restorer.*" Her hair was falling rapidly, and quite gray. The color has been restored, the falling off entirely stopped, and a new growth of hair is the result.

E. B. GARRIGUES,
Druggist, corner Tenth and Coates, Phila.

BOSTON TESTIMONY.

JULY 22D, 1871.—DR. SWAYNE & SON: Last winter, while in Trenton, N. J., I procured six bottles of "LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER," which I like very much, in fact better than anything I have used in the last nine years. If you please, send me one dozen bottles C. O. D., care of W. S. Fogler & Son, Druggists, 723 Tremont street, Boston.

Respectfully yours, ADA BAKER,
No. 50 Rutland Square.

DR. DALTON, of Philadelphia, says of it: The "LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER" is used very extensively among my patients and friends, as well as by myself. I therefore speak from experience.

75 Cents per Bottle—6 Bottles, $4.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not have it, we will forward to any address on receipt of price. Address orders to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, Pa., Sole Proprietors.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE LUNGS.

CONSUMPTION

This distressing and dangerous complaint and its premonitory symptoms—neglected coughs, night-sweats, hoarseness, wasting flesh fever—permanently cured by "Doctor Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry."

BRONCHITIS—a premonitor of Pulmonary Consumption—is characterized by catarrh or inflammation of the mucus membrane of the air passages, with cough and expectoration, short breath, hoarseness and pains in the chest. For all bronchial affections, sore throat, loss of voice, coughs,

Dr. Swayne's

COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

HEMMORRHAGE, OR SPITTING OF BLOOD, may proceed from the larynx, trachia, bronchia or lungs, and arises from various causes, as undue exertion, plethora, or fullness of the vessels, weak lungs, overstraining of the voice, suppressed evacuation, obstruction of the spleen or liver, etc.

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

The only standard remedy for hemorrhage, bronchial and pulmonary complaints. Consumptives, or those predisposed to weak lungs, should not fail to use this great vegetable remedy.

It has a marvelous power, not only over consumption, but over every chronic disease where a gradual alterative action is needed. Under its influence the cough is loosened, the night sweats diminished, the pain subsides, the pulse returns to its natural standard, the stomach is improved in its power to digest and assimilate the food, and every organ has a purer and better quality of blood supplied to it, out of which new recreative and plastic material is made.

PRICE, $1—6 BOTTLES, $5.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not have it, we will forward a half dozen to any address, *freight paid,* on receipt of price.

PREPARED ONLY BY

DR. SWAYNE & SON,

No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia.

SOLD BY ALL PROMINENT DRUGGISTS.

ITCHING PILES!

PILES, PILES, ITCHING PILES,

POSITIVELY CURED BY THE USE OF

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

Home Testimony.

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January 28, 1876.-1y.

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Office recently occupied by M. J. Buck, M. D., in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at Mr. Buck's residence. [5-12.-76.]

J. G. LAKE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Register and Recorder, in Court House.

WORMWOOD AND VINEGAR.—M
Anable C. Andrews writes to
American Rural Home:

Every house has its camphor bott
and the most have arnica, and "Ba
of Gilead" beside; we have wormw
and vinegar. Its virtues are not
appreciated, I think, by many.

Last winter a cow stepped on M
A.'s foot, while he was milking, a
jammed one toe fearfully. I band
it up, and kept it wet with cold
gar in which wormwood had b
steeped. The night after he w
was able to walk on it, and in two
it did not trouble him at all.
filled a large bottle for future u

Last Saturday, while I was bak
a neighbor sent her little girl dow
see if I had a spare flannel ski
A. was gone, and I was alone with
year old Maude; so I went up i
attic, and stepped upon an old
to look on a shelf. One leg of
chest was broken, and down it ca
I struck on my feet, and the
struck them too! It made me so
that it was a minute or more befo
could get strength to push the
away.

I got down stairs some way, and
little girl went home without the
not knowing how bad I was hurt
found, on removing my stocking
toes on the right foot were ba
bruised, and the nails black. I
—don't laugh—they ached so I
to.

"What shall I do! I do wish you
father would come!" I said to Maude
"Put on what you did to Papa's
foot," she said.

Happy thought. I hobbled to
medicine chest, and got it. In
minutes it had ceased to pain so that
that I could get to the oven and take
out four pies, which were not a "very
brown"—see cook books—but a nice
black. Mr. A. came in soon after
did the rest of the baking—while I
while I sat in state, and tended faith-
fully to the foot.

Next morning I put on my shoe
and hardly knew I had a bruised foo

A CURIOUS STUDY IN CURRENTS.—
At the gathering of people on the oc-
casion of the opening of the Centennial
Exhibition on the 10th of May, 1876
a striking example and illustration was
observed of the fact that a crowd
only by aid of the ascending currents
from the bodies of the persons compos-
sing it. The observer was standing on
the platform in front of Memorial Hall
and all the space between this platform
and the Main Building, a space of
probably one hundred and fifty feet in
length (of a dense crowd), was occu-
pied by about forty thousand persons
standing as closely as comfort would
allow. The air was quite warm, about
seventy-five degrees Farenheit, and a
light breeze was blowing from the
West. There were many smokers in
the crowd, and it was noticeable that
the course of tobacco smoke, which
showed white against the brown back-
of the Main Exhibition Building, in-
dicated the course of the currents in
different points. A breath of smoke
on the outskirts of the crowd was dis-
persed irregularly. A puff of the smoke
rose with great apparent rapidity and
it was lost to sight by ascending above
the line of the building; the back-
ground of white clouds, with wide
blue sky was then broken, not allowing
it to be distinguished higher up. The
swiftness with which the smoke rose
showed that the ascending current at
the centre of so thickly thronged an
so large a space was rapid. It further
showed a set of currents like those of
a fire—on the outskirts tending toward
the centre, in the centre upward
Journal of the Franklin Institute.

HOW BOYS' MARBLES ARE MADE.—
Almost all the "marbles" with which
boys everywhere amuse themselves in
season and out of season, are made
and in sandy spots, are made at Ober-
stein, Germany. There are large agate
quarries and mills in that neighborhood
and the refuse is turned to good ac-
count in providing the small stone balls
for experts to "knuckle" with. The
stone is broken into small cubes by
blows of a light hammer. These small
blocks of stone are thrown by the
shovelful into the hopper of a small
mill, formed of a bedstone, having its
surface grooved with concentric fur-
rows. Above this is the runner,
which is of some hard wood, having a
level face on its lower surface. The
upper block is made to revolve rapid-
ly, water being delivered upon the
grooves of the bedstone.
marbles are being rounded. It takes
about fifteen minutes to finish a
bushel of good "marbles," all ready for
the boy's knuckles. One mill produces
160,000 "marbles" per week. The
hardest "crackers," as the boys call
them, are made by a slower process
somewhat analogous, however, to the
other.

GROOMING APPARATUS.—An inge-
nious grooming apparatus—a French
invention—recently introduced, seems
to work not only satisfactorily, but to
possess some peculiar advantages over
the ordinary implements and methods.
The device consists of a brush some-
what akin to the rotary hair brushes
in use in hair dressing establishments
and is operated at the extremity of a
suitable spindle attached to a new set of
jointed rods, fitted with a new sp-
pherical form of joint in such a way
that it is capable of being worked by
an ordinary fly wheel, which can be
managed by a lad. The apparatus is
also arranged to work either right or
left, so that both sides of the horse
can be brushed freely and rapidly,
penetrating the coat of the animal in
such a manner as to effect the opera-
tion completely, while removing the
dirt and secretions without injury
or inconvenience, and imparting to the
surface that glossy appearance which
is held to be the test of good groom-